# the messenger

APRIL 1928

HELEN SMITH

Founded in 1917

# The Messenger

New Opinion of the New Negro

*Editors:*
A. Philip Randolph
Chandler Owen

*Managing Editor:*
George S. Schuyler

*Business Manager:*
Roy Lancaster

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1928

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Cover: By Helen Smith | 73 |
| Can Negro Business Survive? By Thomas L. Dabney | 75 |
| Family. By Laura Tanne | 76 |
| Death and Diet. By Heba Jannath | 77 |
| Some Disadvantages of Being White. By A. H. Gordon | 79 |
| Stick to Your Post and Win. By Frank B. Hood | 79 |
| Barriers. By Laura Tanne | 79 |
| History and Progress of Life Insurance. By Dr. J. E. Walker | 80 |
| Roses and Thorns. By Ann Lawrence | 80 |
| G'Long, Old White Man's Gal | 81 |
| A Negro Speaks | 81 |
| New York. By Ann Lawrence | 82 |
| Black Magic and White. By Fannin Belcher, Jr. | 83 |
| Editorials | 84 |
| Author—Warrior—Poet. By J. A. Rogers | 85 |
| Book Bits. By James W. Ivy | 86 |
| Business and Industry. By George S. Schuyler | 88 |
| Interlude. By Laura Tanne | 88 |
| Brotherhood Activities | 89 |
| Our Next Step. By A. Philip Randolph | 90 |
| Open Forum | 95 |

THE MESSENGER is the recognized mouthpiece of the more advanced section of the Negro group in the United States. For ten years it has spoken intelligently and eloquently in behalf of organization of labor, white as well as black, believing, as it does, that the questions of wages, hours of work, safeguards on the job and proper representation of the worker, are the most important items confronting the majority of the men and women, white as well as black, in the United States. For two years it has been the official organ of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters whose organization it espoused and whose battles it has consistently fought.

*Announcing*

THE

# James E. Shepard Awards

## For Negro Children's Art

At the suggestion of THE MESSENGER, Dr. James E. Shepard, President of The North Carolina College for Negroes, Durham, N. C., Chairman of the Durham Stock-Taking and Fact-Finding Conference, and one of the outstanding Negro leaders in the United States, is sponsoring a monthly award of valuable books on Negro history and achievement to Negro school children who submit each month the best work in drawing and water colors. Altogether there are eight prizes, four for water colors and four for drawings, all carrying awards of equal value.

THE MESSENGER is handling the contest, judging the work submitted, making the monthly awards and reproducing in its pages the art work of the winners. Over 5,000 Negro schools, mainly in the South, and all newspapers, Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, and other agencies, have been notified and are urged to cooperate in this effort to stimulate the artistic spark in Negro youth.

### *The Awards*

For each of the FOUR best Drawings submitted—One Copy of "The Negro in Our History" by Carter G. Woodson, and THE MESSENGER for One Year.

For each of the FOUR best Water Colors submitted—One Copy of "The Negro in Our History" by Carter G. Woodson, and THE MESSENGER for One Year.

### *Rules*

1. All art work should have the name of the pupil written on the back, also the name of his teacher and the name and address of the school.
2. A border of at least two inches should be left all around the work. Drawings and Water Colors should be mounted on stiff cardboard and *MAILED FLAT*.
3. No work will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and self-addressed container.
4. The contest will last during the three remaining months of the school term—April, May and June, and the winning art work will be announced and reproduced in the May, June and July numbers of THE MESSENGER.
5. Entrants for April must arrive at THE MESSENGER office not later than April First, 1928; those for May not later than May First, 1928, and those for June not later than June First.
6. All work must be addressed to: "The Children's Art Editor," THE MESSENGER, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York.
7. Contest is open to all Negro children in the Grammar and High School grades, either in public or private schools.

# The Messenger

## New Opinion of the New Negro

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., July 27th, 1919, under act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Messenger Publishing Company, Inc., 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephones: Edgecombe 2323-2324.

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER FOUR

APRIL, 1928

Price: 15 Cents a Copy; $1.50 a year in United States; $1.75 in Canada; $2.00 in foreign countries.


# CAN NEGRO BUSINESS SURVIVE?

BY THOMAS L. DABNEY

*Graduate of Virginia Union University and Brookwood Labor College, Member of The American Negro Labor Congress and Recent Visitor to Russia.*

There has been more boosting of Negro business within the past ten years, perhaps than at any other time since the emancipation. The prosperity psychology popularized by President Coolidge is being extended by Negro business groups throughout the nation. Major R. R. Wright, president of the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Co. and president of the National Negro Bankers Association is promoting prosperity psychology among Negroes. The Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity conducts an annual "Bigger and Better Negro Business" week to stimulate interest among the youth of the race in Negro business. Negro newspapers and magazines are carrying more articles on Negro business at the present time than ever before in the history of the race. Prizes and awards once limited largely to artists and educators are now being offered to successful Negro business men. Throughout the nation there is a tendency to hold up Negro business men as examples worthy of admiration and emulation.

This boosting of Negro business since the world war is explicable in terms of the increased race consciousness of the Negro and his desire to be independent and self-supporting as a group. This is the psychology of the matter. Deeper and more potent than this, however, is the fact that Negroes as a group are experiencing many hardships in the matter of securing employment. Many young Negroes who have prepared for positions in the business world find the door of opportunity closed to them. Realizing that this situation may be exploited as a means of popularizing business among the race, ambitious Negroes, who wish to accumulate wealth and achieve social distinction and power thereby, are turning to business as a career and profession.

The desire of the Negro to escape unemployment and poverty, on the one hand, and to provide positions for our high school and college graduates, on the other, is certainly a lofty one. The desire of the Negro to be independent and self supporting is also highly commendable. But the possibility of achieving these ends by means of Negro businesses on the profit basis is quite another matter. Aside from this consideration and more in line with the title of this article is the problem of establishing and maintaining Negro businesses as such.

The writer wishes to emphasize at the outset that the question of the survival of Negro business is not a racial question; it is an economic question. When a Negro fails in business, he does not fail because he is a Negro, anymore than he succeeds because he is a Negro. The failure of a Negro business, therefore, is not a count against the Negro as such, despite what prejudiced and ignorant persons may say.

Success or failure in Negro businesses is contingent upon the same economic and financial forces that are involved in the success or failure of white businesses. The average Negro's lack of business experience, of course, plays a part in his business failure. But over and above this factor are certain economic and financial forces which in the last analysis exert the determining influence on Negro businesses. To overlook these forces is to take a superficial view of the matter leading to an indictment of the race rather than an understanding of the problem in hand.

In order to discuss with intelligence the factors involved in Negro business one must have a fair grasp of the whole range of business and industry in America as related to the business world. Moreover, one must keep in mind the potent fact that 1928 is not 1828, and that business can not be established on mere desire and sentiment, however praiseworthy, but must be based on social need, on the one hand and the technical and economic development of society, on the other.

During the homesteader period of American history, any ambitious boy might reasonably hope to rise from a boot black to a millionaire, for there was ample room for the development and expansion of business. Competition in business, for the most part, was not keen. Moreover, if an ambitious man could not succeed in one line, there were many other undeveloped fields awaiting him. Or if chances were slim in one locality, he could easily move to another. The great undeveloped west offered almost unlimited opportunities in those days for the ambitious young business man.

What do we find today? How do the opportunities of the ambitious business man of 1928 compare with those of the sturdy hustler of 1828? In the first place the former faces an entirely different situation. He lives in a well developed country. He finds businesses of all kinds, in some cases overdeveloped, and well capitalized. To illustrate: Railroad development in America has reached its limit. Only in small, poor sections of the country can railroad lines be built, and it would require a larger capital to build lines in such sections. When this is done, therefore, it will have to be done by rich groups with ample capital at their disposal. Again the automobile industry has reached the point of marginal utility; it can be developed further only at a loss to the business interests—at the expense of profits. In fact the productive capacity of our automobile industry exceeds by far the demands of the market. The same is true of the textile, coal, steel, lumber and other industries. We are already producing or can easily produce as much of these commodities as the traffic will bear.

This is the age of mass production—of cartels, trusts, mergers, and gigantic combines. Buying and selling, retailing and wholesaling are being done more and more on the larger scale by means of chain stores. The order of the day in the business world is chain stores and nation-wide businesses of one kind or another. While this phase of business has not yet entered all fields of industry, the trend is a permanent part of the modern business world. Hence the field of the small business man has been limited; and competition among those who are thus forced to confine their businesses

within a small sphere is becoming ruthless and acute. It is needless to say that the majority of Negro business men fall in this group; and their difficulties and problems are the same as those of all others in the group.

While competition among small business men is growing more acute, it is being eliminated among large business concerns by combinations. Many small business men who will not take refuge in combination, or who for one reason or another, can not do so, go down defeated in the great struggle for survival. There is no alternative in the business dilemmas precipitated by economic forces. The small fry must accept death through business failure, or remain on the map through combination.

Another difficulty facing small business men is the fact that big concerns are continually encroaching on their territory. Chain retail stores have entered the fields once exclusively covered by small business men. Through mass production and large scale buying these concerns can sell at a lower rate than the average small concern and still reap huge profits. Unless he is favorably located, the average small business man can not hope to compete with these large concerns. These conditions add to the difficulties of all small concerns among Negroes.

Negroes operating small businesses in many cases must either accept failure or seek protection through combination. Through combinations some Negro businesses may succeed, but again this possibility is seriously limited due to the fact that larger concerns are already supplying the market with goods in which these concerns are dealing. To buy out certain concerns in order to eliminate competitors would require a greater outlay of capital than the average Negro business has. Of course credit is available for business ventures of this sort, but this can be secured only if sufficient and acceptable security is given. The average small business man can not produce sufficient security.

The fields of business which are farthest removed from the influence of combines and trusts and in which small concerns operated by Negroes have the best chance of development, are so few and of so little social value that the Negro can not hope to achieve the desired goal in such business lines. Barber shops, hair dressing parlors, peanut stands, boot black stands, restaurants, millinery shops, bakeries, laundries, cigar stands, newsstands, boarding houses and other small businesses in which Negroes are engaged, offer little relief for unemployment among the Negro masses. Neither do they begin to offer clerical positions for our high school and college graduates.

Many small Negro business men, limited within a narrow field as they are, still experience keen competition. Negro small business men like white small business men are always more or less up against the wall. Some are being forced out of business by larger concerns entering the retail business. *Bradstreet's Journal* listed 20,265 business failures for last year. These figures do not include failures among the smallest business men who began two or three years ago, and could never get well established.

In view of the foregoing facts the attempt to establish businesses among Negroes by an appeal to race pride and race consciousness amounts to little. The encouragement of thrift and economy among the race, while productive of good results, will not to any great extent benefit Negro business. Negroes like other people are influenced more by prices and convenience than by race in the matter of buying. This practice is dictated by every consideration of economics and finance. Hence the appeals to race pride, while strong and feelingful, give way sooner or later to financial and economic conditions of the consumer, no matter who he may be.

The problem of business development is practically the same for all undeveloped groups. None can hope to begin at the beginning and develop step by step according to the general industrial development of the human race. Each racial group must adjust itself to existing industrial conditions and enter into the business world at the present stage of the capitalist system. The foundation of the wealth of the various groups who hold the strategical positions in industry and business in America was laid during the pioneer and nationalization periods of American history. Although these groups and others have acquired vast fortunes within the last twenty-five years, it can not be successfully denied that most of these groups were able to accumulate their recent wealth in virtue of their fortuitous political position and power based on years of economic ascendancy.

The Negro has had neither sufficient political strength to secure favorable action and aid from the government in business ventures nor the advantageous economic conditions so favorable for the development of industry and business during the nationalization period of American history. While the Negro was fighting for the mere rudiments of an education, social justice and a livelihood as a free laborer, white groups who held political power were using the government to gain wealth, on the one hand, and to keep the Negro in a state of dependence and wage slavery on the other.

Having entered the business world when the most developed businesses are monopolized by other groups, the Negro must strive to penetrate into those fields of business which are most promising to newcomers or begin to establish businesses on an entirely new basis. As has already been shown, it is exceedingly hard for the small business man to achieve success in those lines which are now being entered by larger business concerns with unlimited capital at their disposal. This opening, therefore, offers very little in the main to the small concerns among Negroes.

The situation which spurs certain Negroes to strive for a business career is enough to arouse any thoughtful group to action. The Negro rightfully spurns the idea of being merely a consumer and a buyer. He yearns to become a producer and a seller. Of course, the Negro has always been a producer in the most important meaning of the term as a worker. But accepting the bourgeois meaning of the word, the Negro longs to be a producer of respectable rank. In other words the Negro wants to become an employer and owner.

The Negro section of many cities both north and south is interspersed with Jew retail stores usually dealing in groceries and dry goods. The Greeks, it seems, have a monopoly on the restaurants in Negro sections, and Italians fill in the odd places. Here and there are Chinese laundries, while Negroes concentrate more or less on barber shops, shoe repairing shops and hair dressing parlors.

The Negro has made some headway in the insurance business. Having a long historical background in secret and fraternal orders, the Negro has been able to establish successful businesses as adjuncts to such organizations. Here the denial of membership to Negroes on the part of white fraternal societies opened and necessitated the development of social organizations among the race. The success of Negro insurance companies like the Southern Aid Society, Victory Life Insurance Company, American Woodmen, and the North Carolina Mutual Association are due in part to the fact that encouragement was given to the ambitious Negroes to start such companies in virtue of the success of Negro fraternal societies.

Because fraternal organizations, insurance companies, and banks are largely today dependent upon the state of the basic industries, it is obvious that these businesses can not thrive unless industry in general is in a good condition. It is this underlying fact which sets limitations on the larger types of Negro businesses. This applies as well to white businesses.

Negro business is limited, therefore, in the first instance by all the forces inherent in the profit system as such and further by the unfavorable position which the Negro occupies in the business world. The last factor offers no final obstacle to the development of Negro business. It is a real factor and obstacle because it is related directly to the first factor. In other words, as the profit system evolves through combinations and trusts, businesses founded and operated on the old competitive basis are gradually eliminated. The Negro business man, being in many respects the weakest and the least experienced in business, finds himself pushed out of the business world or crushed by the great sweep of corporations and large chain stores.

The point of this article is that the idea that Negroes can escape unemployment, exploitation and poverty by building up a

(*Continued on page 92*)

## Family

By Laura Tanne

My sister Mathilde is wed to a Norwegian carpenter;
Their babies are scoops of red fat lost in cream.
My brother met a young Jewish girl—
She drinks disillusionment like a good soldier.
Cousin Helen divorced an Irish Catholic who beat her—
Their brown-eyed boy justifies all murder and poetry.
My Swedish grandmother danced too long
With a Russian pedlar passing through the Dalarne forests—
Today her youngest girl dances in alleys of calumny's whispers.
They are good people . . .
That is why they locked me out,
Cast me out of home and refuge . . .
I love a Negro poet.

# DEATH AND DIET

By HEBA JANNATH

What most impresses a newcomer to Harlem (or any urban Negro community) is the amazing frequency of funerals. In other sections of the city one's attention is only at rare intervals called to the sobering realization that life is uncertain and capricious but in Harlem one is almost daily presented with the thought. And the sudden deaths recently of such prominent Negroes as Florence Mills, Tiger Flowers, Hubert Harrison, James Randolph, Eloise Bibb Thompson and Henry F. Downing—with the exception of the latter all of them in the prime of life and individuals who from every point of view should have continued to enliven and ennoble the Human Drama —perhaps moves one to investigate the suspicion that has been gathering in one's mind. And the more one does look into it the more certain is one that public attention should be directed to the following facts:

Although the colored birthrate per 1000 is 107 as compared to 104 among the whites, the colored infant mortality rate is six per cent higher.

That is:

In 1917 to every 91 white infants to die at birth there were 151 colored.

In 1922 to every 73 white infants to die at birth there were 110 colored.

It is to be noted that there is a marked reduction in both races over this five year period and more of an improvement among the negroes than the whites—and certainly they need it.

### Startling Comparisons

Did you know that at the age of twenty-two:

White males die at the rate of 4.97
And colored males at the rate of 13.04
White females at the rate of 5.37
And colored females at 10.73?

While at the mellow age of sixty-two they fall out at the rate of

White males 30.45
Colored males 48.71
White females 27.54
Colored females 50.21

Whereas the mean age at death for the last three decades

Was for white males 48, 50, and 54 years
As compared to 33, 34, and 41 for colored males
White females 51, 54, and 56
To colored 35, 38, and 42.

After seventy-five the Negro death rate becomes less than that of the white; apparently by this time everyone except those of herculean stamina has been eliminated. So if you have survived to this venerable age your chances for continuance not only equals but surpasses for the first time that of your white contemporary which isn't terribly encouraging inasmuch as the only satisfactions that remain to be enjoyed at this period are boasting about your longevity and attending the funerals of your friends. I have noticed that in most southern sections the oldest person in the country is usually not a white but a Negro. Having a more formidable gauntlet of destructive powers to run his survival is a distinct achievement in endurance and suggests the fact that were all things equal he would be a better physiological machine than the paler citizen. And indeed this is the conclusion drawn by medical authorities from military examinations of both races for the draft. 31.74 per cent of the Negro registrants were accepted for full military service as against only 26.84 per cent of the whites examined. And according to a report that appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association for May, 1919, the Negro is constitutionally the superior of the white man having better eyes, a more resistant skin, more stable nerves and better metabolism. Now, in view of these facts how is it then that the average Negro enjoys fifteen years less of life than his not nearly so well equipped white neighbor? This difference is laid to bad sanitation and undernourishment with the former stressed, but to my mind undernourishment is far more to be feared than dirty back yards and lack of proper household plumbing, for undernourishment signifies physical uncleanliness and faulty body sewerage. But it is a characteristic of today to emphasize outer rather than inner qualities, to be concerned with the appearances rather than actualities of things. The philosophy of an age colors all of its activities and for the same reason that we believe politicians can cure social evils we believe physicians can cure bodily ones. We rush to the polls and to the pharmacy and try to solve our problems with legislation and laxatives. We argue from the outside in rather than from the inside out and this has its advantages but also its disadvantages. It has given us clean streets and private bathrooms; it has given us Democracy and Wage Slavery and the Germ Theory, the greatest hoax the Human Race has ever fallen for, and this is saying a lot. These comparisons may seem extraneous to an article on health but they are not for the reason that we approach the subject of disease today from the same angle as we do trade or transportation and herein lies our error. We are given to believe that if machinery can facilitate the cultivation of the soil, move cargoes swiftly and safely from place to place and erect great edifices, mechanical aid can with the same fine result be applied to digestion, assimilation and body building. We think that because we can dynamite a mountain that interferes with the traffic of a city and haul it off we can with equal gain remove an appendix, or a tonsil or a tooth and improve our working order. We forget that we are dealing in entirely different mediums.

### Germs: The Evil Spirits of Today

With all our boasted scientific progress in medicine we are no more sound in the deduction that because certain germs are present during a disease that they are of necessity the *cause* of it than the magic association of ideas which leads an Australian Bushman to believe that his fever is the result of a spell that has been cast upon him by an enemy or to assume that because he has come under the power of the Evil Eye any physical pain he thereafter suffers is due to it. To believe we are the victims of malignant germs and to gravely drink potions concocted for us in mysterious secrecy by white coated alchemists to drive them out is on the same level of intelligence with the sick native who hastens to his medicine man when he is ill to have his evil spirits cast out. Tuberculosis, the disease that has been most intensely studied, talked and written about, and which is said to be the work of tubercle bacilli "caught" through infection—that is, as we parade the avenue or sit in the subway invisible swarms of these deadly Germ-Devils are supposed to pounce hungrily into our mouths or fly craftily up our nostrils and the battle of death is on. But twenty-five years of research does not at all prove this to be the case. (See the Tuberculosis Game by Maurice Fishberg in the February *American Mercury*.) "No responsible investigator," says Mr. Fishberg, "has ever found living tubercle bacilli in street dust." And even in the rooms inhabited by coughing and expectorating consumptives germs were hardly ever found capable of infecting an animal. When, about five years ago, a German medical journal sent out a questionnaire to the most eminent authorities on this subject it was discovered to the general dismay that hardly one learned gentleman agreed with another on the mode of infection—the basis upon which the whole theory of disease rests.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**1. Why is the Negro death rate so much higher than the white?**
**2. How much do physicians know about sickness?**
**3. Is the Germ Theory of Disease a lot of bunk?**
**4. Have we really made medical advances?**
**5. Why do more people die in Winter?**
**6. How much is really known about Tuberculosis?**
**7. Should Pneumonia be aided or hindered?**
**8. Do most physicians' patients prefer dope to the truth—insist upon it?**
**9. Do you know how and what to eat?**
**10. Are you always giving part of your pay to the druggist?**
**11. How long can you stave off the undertaker?**

**In this article and those to follow the general public is given for the first time in this country, the truth about diet, disease and death, and their relation to each other.**

**Really, for your own good you cannot afford to neglect reading this and the subsequent articles.**

**Reading these articles can add many, many years to your life.**

**YOU may die next year because of your ignorance.**

To quote Mr. Fishberg further: "In round numbers, only one out of ten people dies from tuberculosis, despite the fact that all the other nine have also been infected with tubercle bacilli . . . . in fact, it appears that actual tuberculosis disease is the exception rather than the rule after infection." Now, if one has no medical horn to blow nor professional "ethics" to maintain it ought not to be difficult to conclude from this that disease germs are not the cause but the result of certain bodily symptoms.

### Modern Medical Advance Largely a Myth

We have had a lot of unctuous prating about the curbing of disease; the press is always carrying some long winded article about doctor So-and-so who has just discovered the cure for Cancer or Bright's disease or Syphilis, yet they continue to be on the increase. Such positive statements have news value and get space and everyone is eager to believe in them because optimism is a human failing and everyone wants a short cut to health as they want it to wealth. Hence there is a widespread belief that we are much healthier today than any of our ancestors ever were. Yet who do you know that has not something the matter with him? What has really happened is that we have had a decrease of one kind of disease and an increase of another due to change in habits. We have less tuberculosis and more diabetes; less malaria and more cancer; less typhoid fever and more syphilis; less acute diseases and more chronic ones. More people live to reach middle age, but this does not necessarily mean that as a whole we are healthier; certainly we have a greater percentage of hospitals today and more doctors than ever before and they're not here for looks or love. Plagues have been partially done away with—or more accurately they have been run under cover. Certainly each winter the country suffers an epidemic of influenza which is just another nicer way of saying plague. However, the greater diversity of occupation in modern life and the abundance and variety of foodstuffs prevent symptoms from concentrating in a single form and sweeping an entire population. Plagues in the past can always be laid to improper diet and always occurred after a war or during periods of drought or crop failure; that is famine and plague have always gone hand in hand. To say that Smallpox swept a city is of course inaccurate for it presupposes some malignant external force swooping down from nowhere to prey upon innocent human flesh and then again disappearing into nowhere. The more rational explanation is that a large number of human beings who have been eating the same thing and living the same way have in consequence gotten their bodies in very nearly the same state of ill health, exactly as a dose of strychnine given to a hundred people will have a more or less uniform effect, they succumb at more or less the same time. Also there is a psychological basis for an epidemic, seeing others capitulate and being full of poisons which the body is eager to dispel, our mental resistance to sickness is both prodded and placated and we "take ill." That the physical condition and not the fierceness of the presumably attacking germ is the root of the malady is proved by the fact that many people remain immune during an epidemic either because they have had a more healthy heredity or have access to better food or because they are already suffering from some chronic form of disease. This brings us to the difference between an acute and a chronic state of ill health. It may truthfully be said that there is no such thing as perfect health today nor for that matter probably has been since the human race first built cities and lived together in large numbers. However, there are varying degrees of health.

### The Benevolent Theory of Disease

It is now believed by an increasingly large group of scientific observers that acute disease is the valiant effort of a moderately healthy body to throw off the accumulated poisons in the system. Therefore, that the attitude to adopt toward sudden sickness should not be one of fear but rather of cheerful patience—if your body has strength enough to throw off its poisons, recovery will be an easy matter if left alone and when the discharge is over you will enjoy much better health. And this elimination through the skin and lungs whether it be in the form of smallpox or pneumonia should be aided not hindered. Whereas under the medical hypothesis it is assumed that the body is being attacked from the outside and that everything should be done toward putting the enemy to flight and stemming the process of disease. If you have a breaking out of the skin medicine is applied to dry it up; if a gland like the appendix or the tonsils is inflamed it is blithely whacked off in the belief that the camp of the enemy is being destroyed. With the same reasoning they might cut your nose off because you have a cold and if it wasn't such a decorative organ—for even the worst nose is better than no nose at all—some energetic young medicine man would undoubtedly have long ago proclaimed nose amputation as the only sure way of avoiding colds. And this is just as reasonable as the present custom of extracting neuralgic teeth in order to keep them from poisoning the system. (Compare this to the vogue in the 18th Century of bloodletting.) A pain in the tooth or an abcess at its root is evidence of a general and not a specific toxic condition and pulling out your only set of teeth is not going to remedy the situation one whit but it's going to make you a lot less easy to look at. The successful checking or frustration of an acute attack of disease results either in sudden death or in creating a chronic state of ill health. The overflow of mucus which has been concentrated for elimination is balked and if the patient does not literally drown in his own humours some form of chronic catarrh is the aftermath; that is, there is an ineffectual daily dribble of poisons out of the system. If statistics reveal anything it is that although there are less deaths from acute disease today, chronic disease is on the increase. This seems to mean that the checking devices now used are on the whole less drastic than even twenty years ago, for in spite of theory intelligent innovations in diet are being prescribed by physicians everywhere. Though there are many who still seriously, or at least gravely, prescribe alocohol as a system "toner." The gradual filtration of food knowledge even into the ranks of those who trade in sickness is probably at the bottom of the general increase in life expectation; among Negroes it was thirty per cent greater in 1922 than in 1910, among whites twenty-two per cent. But as previously stated this need not mean that we are more healthy. This increased but uncomfortable longevity is very profitable to the insurance companies, to the drug manufacturers, to the physicians, but not to the race nor probably to the individual. Though I suppose that most of us would rather live in misery than completely cease to live. We owe the present increasing dissemination of food knowledge largely to the efforts of the insurance companies to whom individual longevity means money, at one time you could get absolutely nothing in the press that discredited even patent medicine advertisements and such a little thing as the mention of whole wheat bread was outlawed because the flour manufacturers feared a loss in business but since the insurance companies are now more powerful than any food or drug group dietetics are coming into their own. And it is only a question of time till the country will begin to have a rational idea of what and what not to eat. Our conceptions of the subject are still vague. We believe that we should eat more fruit and less meat, but we don't know why. Some of us know enough to say "meat is toxic" and that floors most people into silence because it sounds so learned. The only reason why we should eat more fruit and less meat is because we usually eat fruit raw and meat cooked.

### Food Heresy

It is too bad that the first people to flock to any new idea are as a rule misfits, inferiors, not superiors as they flatteringly assume, to existing conditions; and this gives onlookers the impression that the Idea is as unsound as its advocates. This is especially to be regretted in the field of health where new advances should be of greatest benefit to those worth saving, rather than to those who are already burnt out and are only alive on sufferance. But new modes of cure naturally attract those who are most in need of health and the crowd of unfit and low in spirit that swarms around all places of health culture is enough to shock and repel any nearly normal human being, and the conclusion jumped to is that if this is the effect of these new notions, one had best flee.

The individual who does not eat the orthodox menu is generally looked upon with suspicion and derision. Either his preferences are a reflection upon our own table habits, or—if we are adamant in our self-assurance—he is simply a fool. However, if he just announces that it is not because he wants to eat differently or to be original, but because it's "doctor's orders," all is forgiven and he regains his prestige. The psychology behind this reaction is interesting. The more civilized a country becomes the more decadent it grows for the reason that all natural external avenues of adventure are made unlawful and our craving for excitement and need of drama limits us to self-abuse. We cannot without immediate penalty destroy anything but ourselves. We can no longer exhibit our prowess in warfare, in hunting or in feats of endurance, but we can out-drink and out-eat each other, hence the profound respect with which the "hard-liver" is regarded and the secret contempt felt for the ascetic who is uncon-

(*Continued on page 92*)

# SOME DISADVANTAGES OF BEING WHITE

BY A. H. GORDON

*Professor of History, South Carolina State College, Orangeburg, S. C.*

So common is the idea that it is a disadvantage to be a colored person, that it will doubtless seem surprising to our white friends and may even seem strange to our own colored people for us to announce that there are some disadvantages in being white in this country today. Nevertheless, this is a fact. The burden of our message today is to point out the absolute truthfulness of this rather unusual statement. Like the well known disadvantages of being colored, the less advertised disadvantages of being white also grow out of the fundamental injustice of race-prejudice.

Let us enumerate and explain some of these disadvantages that one experiences in our country today if he is too unfortunate as to be born white. Before we begin this enumeration, however, it is only fair to say that many individuals of the white race have escaped the disadvantages which we shall name.

*The first great disadvantage of being white today, especially in America, is that it places one in a prejudiced environment and so makes it extremely difficult; in fact almost impossible for one to maintain the "scientific attitude" toward the facts of life whenever those facts touch the far-flung, complex ramifications of race relationships.* The white man is unfortunate from this point of view in that he is completely surrounded by people and traditions, which forever prevent him from accepting the facts of life as they are, but compel him to twist the facts so as to bring them in accord with the views of the other white people. For example, take the question of the educational needs of the South.

In considering this question of the average white person must pass over common sense and scientific reasoning and arrive at the conclusion that most of the funds of the state should be spent for the "higher education" of the white people and very little for the same kind of education for the colored people. That this is actually being done can easily be seen by a study of the appropriations for Negro and white State Colleges in practically all the southern states. This injustice the white legislator must carry out to keep in harmony with the prejudices of his "Race." The result is that most white people in the South seem to have a perverted idea of the real meaning of democratic public education. So we see that to be born a white man is practically tantamount to being born an intellectual Slave!

This same prejudiced environment is the chief cause of many other limitations or disadvantages that the white people suffer in America today simply because of their unfortunate color. *It is unfortunate to be born white in America these modern days for the reason that it causes one to be limited in his opportunity to make friends.* The white man, simply because of his "bad luck" color is not allowed by the traditions of his white neighbors to make real friends among other people of different colors. He is not allowed to invite any one to dinner at his house unless he be white or of some other color determined by his neighbors. So, besides being an intellectual slave, one has his PERSONAL FREEDOM FOR WHICH HIS FATHERS FOUGHT TAKEN ruthlessly away from him simply because of the paleness of his skin.

*Still another disadvantage of the white man is the habit his neighbors of like color have of limiting very definitely his knowledge and appreciation because he is white.* For example, one of the greatest poets that ever lived in America, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is little known and scarcely appreciated at all by white people in America simply because he was a Negro and according to their theory it would never do to recognize the Negro in the realm of the "Fine Arts." *It is a great pity that one's knowledge must be limited and his soul shriveled because his skin happens to be white.*

*Furthermore, to be born white in these United States today is unfortunate because being white tends to develop in one bad or undesirable traits of character.* For example, the average white person certainly has, or claims he has (which is just as bad) a totally wrong conception of personal worth: he thinks he is honorable *because he is* WHITE and so he develops a false pride and takes himself with a seriousness that is altogether out of proportion to his real worth to the human family. He is burdened down with an unnecessary responsibility.

*It is also injurious to one's reputation to be born White.* Especially is this true in a group sense. Certain groups of people in the world today, in some instances whole nations, have the "bad reputation" of being oppressors and despoilers of other peoples. Most of these despoilers of other peoples' wealth (as in China, Africa, Haiti, Nicaragua, etc.) are white. So if you are born white you inherit all the odium that these people have acquired.

*Finally, to be born white is a misfortune to any one so ill-fated in that such a mishap places him in an artificial position which he can hold only by ignorance, injustice, prejudice and "racial superiority," with nothing but the bubble "color" to support him and there he sits "forever blowing bubbles."* He sits there constantly fearing that the shelf will fall from beneath him and break his bubble. This fear is altogether justified. Hence to be born white means to live a life of fear and dissatisfaction, a life of blowing bubbles.

In short as it seems to us, it is little less than a calamity to be born white in America in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. *It means that you are born an intellectual slave, ushered into the world to be presently robbed of your personal freedom in selecting your friends, harassed with the impossible burden of artificial racial worth, hampered by ignorance and lack of appreciation of the artistic and beautiful if it happens (as it often does) to be black, doomed to a futile life of fear motivated only by the gloomy hope of "blowing bubbles" of race superiority.* We are grateful that good fortune has spared us this mishap. And let us be patient and sympathetic with our white friends seeing that they labor in the face of a misfortune which doth so easily beset them here in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

## STICK TO YOUR POST AND WIN

By FRANK B. HOOD

Are you discouraged, my brother,
Do obstacles stand in your way?
Are you longing for a brighter dawn,
Wishing for a happier day?

Remember, as obstacles grow higher,
They can never reach the sky;
Proceed with untiring energy,
You'll succeed by and by.

Do friends pass by quickly,
Is life a tedious race?
Are the buffeting winds of adversity
Trying your patience, your grace?

Then try and try "much harder,"
'Twill mean more in the end;
Hardships are not to discourage,
Eventually you'll win.

Does the sun "set" too quickly,
Is there a lack of precious Time?
Or, are you idly waiting to hear
Fate's merry bells chime?

If the sun doth set, my brother,
You need not in darkness grope;
Remember after "its setting,"
May still shine the star of Hope.

So don't give up, my brother,
Because of your now slow pace;
Remember 'tis not always the swiftest
That win in Life's thrilling race.

---

## BARRIERS

By LAURA TANNE

My dark boy, you have the gift of rest
When I am weary and sorely pressed
For rest and joy and dreams —
You are a bringer of tender laughs
Which ride the jeweled stars like uncrowned kings—
(Where shall I find sorrow that softly sings?)

When I go home to pale prejudice
I beat the walls for wild release
And weep until my voice bleeds—
For hunger and cold and Nordic whips
Lash my soul where your dreams were spent—
(Is it for us that passion prays its dolorous vent?)

# HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF LIFE INSURANCE

## Extracts from Address Delivered at Fisk University, December 5, 1927, by Dr. J. E. Walker, President National Negro Insurance Association

I have been looking at these upstanding young men and cultured young women, coming as they do from the most refined homes in different sections of the U. S. A. and my conclusions are that the development and destiny of the people are safe in their hands, for there is no doubt in my mind that Fisk University furnishes fertile soil in which to plant the seed of progress.

It is not the purpose of the National Negro Insurance Association to teach the practice and principle of Insurance, but to enlighten you on the History and Progress of Life Insurance.

The modern form of Life Insurance was introduced in England during the seventeenth century and gradually extended to the whole continent of Europe. Its development in Europe was gradual and it was the nineteenth century before it gained a foothold in America.

The economic condition of the United States and the popular prejudice against Life Insurance at first retarded its growth. The real beginning of modern Life Insurance in America dates from the organization of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York in 1843, which was quickly followed by the organization of other companies in different sections of the country. These organizations have attained proportions until they are today transacting business in every quarter of the globe and are the most important financial institutions in the land.

The oldest company owned and controlled by Negroes is less than thirty years old. The year 1912 was the first time an Old Line Legal Reserve Company was authorized by our people.

There is no safer and better managed business in this country than the business of Life Insurance. It is the most substantial in its organization, for it is practically free from the fear and perils of failure. It is the most modern in its operation for it substantiates the financial needs of human society. It is the most detail in its operation, because of the perpetual demand for the most intricate clerical system. It is the colossus of all organizations because it controls the finance of the world.

The Life Insurance business rests upon the disposition to work and save; it represents the protection of the American home, the responsibility of the bread-winner, the care of loved ones—wife and children.

The amount of Life Insurance carried by a people is an index to their commercial activity, an interpretation of their care for home. The people of the United States of America and Canada carry seventy-five per cent of the Insurance carried by all peoples of the world.

The Negroes of the United States carry more Insurance than the four hundred million Chinese in the Empire of China; more than the citizens of Austria and New Zealand; more than any of the republics of South America; therefore, the progress made by our people in commerce is substantial; however, the following outline will reveal that there is much work to be done by companies controlled by our people.

According to statistics the amount of insurance outstanding is eighty billions of dollars, with assets fourteen billions of dollars. Of the eighty billions of dollars in Life Insurance carried by the people of the United States of America, about two billions are carried on the lives of Negroes. Of the two billions carried on the lives of Negroes, less than three hundred millions are carried in companies owned and controlled by our people, or in other words, eighty-five percent of Negroes who carry insurance carry it with other than their own companies. A herculean task is before us because our people must be educated to the necessity of doing business with each other.

There are forty Negro companies, more or less, doing business in the United States. These companies are doing and must continue to do a legitimate insurance business, being supervised as they are by State Governments.

For your information I have made a comparative statement of the Negro companies as of December 31, 1920 and December 31, 1926.

| | 1920 | 1926 |
|---|---|---|
| Gross Assets | $ 940,081 | $ 11,170,000 |
| Income | 1,900,000 | 13,846,000 |
| Surplus-Reserve | 729,600 | 8,824,000 |
| Insurance in force | 5,360,000 | 245,000,000 |

From these figures you will note the wonderful growth made by our companies over a period of six years.

The insurance business is the largest reservoir of wealth that we have or the country has. In no other business and by no other acceptable agency can such a vast sum of money be pooled for the protection of a people against emergency, old age and death, and to render the many forms of constructive service in the paying off of mortgages, building of homes and giving decent and profitable employment.

A race must become economically self-sustaining and independent if it would enjoy the freedom guaranteed by the constitution of the United States. To become independent our dollars must be circulated in sufficient quantities within our own institutions that will give us strength and security. Life insurance as a profession is the peer of any. Its development for the past ten years is without parallel in any other line of business.

The life insurance companies controlled by our group gather up from over two million Negroes a little weekly, monthly, quarterly or annual premium and combine these little sums into great units of $300,000,000 in force carried by our companies. These sums are given back through the avenue of credit to help build a church, a school house or a factory to increase the deposits and reserves of our banks, to pay the mortgages from farms or build a home, everywhere stimulating enterprise and aiding Race development.

The result of the above accomplishment is carried on by a systematic effort of a sales force. Salesmanship is a great art as well as an asset. It is honorable as it is great. We are all salesmen. The president of a unversity sells his ideas to the faculty and students. Bankers sell courtesy to their customers. Insurance agents sell the benefit of protection to families.

The goods sold by insurance agents never grow stale, never depreciate in value, the market of which is never affected by the bluff of the bull nor the raid of the bear. Government bonds may depreciate and drop from 98 to 92, stock and other securities, no matter how good, may decline in value, but a policy contract, regardless of the size of the company, is always worth its face value. The man who buys a policy has a security that never declines, a security that never fluctuates.

The lesson taught by these companies that bring thousands of people into common action and common unity for their common good and common uplift is the lesson of thrift; is the lesson of individualism.

It is the aim of the National Negro Insurance Association to uphold and maintain the business of life insurance that it will render the greatest service to humanity and that it will open unlimited opportunities and numerous positions of self respect and honor for our girls and boys.

### Roses and Thorns

By Ann Lawrence

The thorns in love's garden
How they do stick!
As we gather the roses
The thorns will prick.

All roses have thorns
Some have only one.
It pricks! in a moment
The hurt is done.

Oft' the rose we have given
The most tender care
Will bid us know
The thorn is there.

Roses and thorns grow
Not far apart,
They each have a place
In the human heart.

Then know while inhaling
Its fragrance at morn;
Though sweet, and I love you,
A rose has a thorn.


**A BARGAIN!**

| | |
|---|---|
| **The Messenger, 12 months** | **$1.50** |
| **Opportunity, 12 months** | **1.50** |
| **EBONY & TOPAZ, 1 copy** | **3.00** |
| | **$6.00** |

**The Combination for $4.50**

**Send orders to THE MESSENGER**

# . . . "G'LONG, OLD WHITE MAN'S GAL . . ."

"What youalls reckon. . . . what youalls reckon, now?" old Nancy Little, shriveled and black as an aged prune, had just entered Newman's drug store. Newman, himself, lolled against one of his counters and superintended the black "Sheik" of a fellow in clean white coat and apron who waited to serve Newman's customers. Couples were grouped around two of the little tables. A dark-eyed yellow Miss with her "company," a big shining black lout were perched on high stools at the soda fountain.

Old Nancy looked over her audience gloatingly. She was so little and thin that one wondered what had consumed her. Having attracted the attention of her audience, she walked over to the waiting sheik and mumblingly requested a fifty-cent box of stuff. This done she again inquired in her crackled old voice, "What youalls reckon?"

The audience, there was always one to be had at Newman's, obligingly shook its head and discreetly assimilated keen interest. They knew old Nancy.

"Well, I tells youall," Old Nancy spoke tantalizingly slow. "Some ol' white man's done willed that thar Mercy Kent ah fortune." Envy. It was so patent in her manner that one decided it was envy and envy alone that had eaten her up.

Silence ensued, a murky, smudgy silence in which evil thoughts could breed.

After a while, Newman, himself, condescended from his state of surveying boss to the extent of pooh-poohing old Nancy's statement. She wheeled on him like a startled cat, saying with vehement conviction, "I was right thar when the news come. She's got a legacy I tells youall. Some ol' white man's named her in his will 'n' everythin', and beque'thed Mercy Kent a good sized fortune."

"Uhuh, now what'd I tell yuh?" exclaimed the yellow Miss at the soda fountain.

"Pshaw," laughed her escort sneeringly. "Don't you 'spect I allus knowed it?"

"A leegacy?" inquired one from among the group at a table. "Say, sister, couldn't yuh be mistaken?"

"Humph! Don't youalls start that, young feller; whatever ol' Nancy talks 'bout she's either heerd it, see'd it, or smelt it. Ain't I done told youalls I was thar when the news come?" Here old Nancy dropped her belligerance and spoke confidingly. "Those fool Kents were so brazen they just lets me hear all on it. Some ol' man or nuther named Endlidge—Mr. Endlidge, Mis-ter Endlidge youalls understand done paid youalls high flutin' Miss Mercee Kent for a lots she's done, I reckon. Now youalls can take it or leave it. I done told what I knows. And if it's a lie, youall hear me, the mail what the postman brought and the envelope what was tore open and the paper what was took out the envelope and read right fore these here eyes and the words what these here ears of mine heerd, they's all done lied too."

Old Nancy took up her small packet from off the counter and dropped her fifty cent piece down with a clatter. She hobbled towards the door, then turned and came back. She was like a little black spider in the midst of them, weaving a web with which to catch flies. And the flies, see them, flies will always be caught. "Listen here, them Kents never let us know when this here started now it ain't for us to be runnin' after them when the things ended. I reckons youall know no white man's ain't ever left no black gal somethin' for nuthin'."

At old Nancy's departure the remaining coterie drew closer together.

"Whats I allus told yuh," were the words most rampant. At last, so they surmised, they had the clew to Mercy Kent's high-hat manners.

"Oh no, she don't go with nobody, Oh no, Oh no." All but chanted a slim youth who had been one of the many who felt it was worth Mercy's while to pay attention to himself.

"Déed, ain't this rich? But I allus suspected some such," drawled another.

"Oh brother, little pussy-cat done jumped out the bag."

"Its some reason for being so high and mighty, I'll say."

"It's your high sailing kite what gits tangled up in the telegraph wires."

"That's cold, feller, nuthing but bombs explode."

"Go way, Bud, this here is one of Lindy's planes that's gone and punctured her wings."

"Say, I heerd th' crash."

"Didja?"

Old Nancy hobbled along with unwonted speed. Soon, she reached Brothels, the green grocers'. Pete Brothel the proprietor was a fat, pig-eyed, greasy, salacious gentleman of color. He hailed Nancy's gossip with loud-mouthed laughter that made his fat shoulders billow and shake. "Well yes," he ejaculated, "Well yes."

"So the bile's busted right in th' ol' hen. . . . well yes." He leaned far over a fruit stall to wag a pudgy finger in old Nancy's face, then he winked an eye meaningly and slipped a slobbery tongue around his lips by way of preparing for further discourse. A necessary but an inopportune and transient customer came in, whereupon old Nancy having other places to go darted out, grimacing with unctuous satisfaction as she went for she knew that greasy Pete would do his bit towards spreading the gossip after his own foul fashion.

The Kents were not popular among their neighbors, for Welsh street demanded free and easy manners of all its habitues. It welcomed display; it encouraged ostentation, it lauded opulence; but it fully and decidedly resented and denounced what it called, "Airs."

Long since, the Welsh streeters had attached "Airs" to the name of Kents. The Kents lived in the white and green cottage at the end of the street. White and green mind you, when all the other nondescript houses on Welsh were drab greys and ugly duns. There were many grievances piled onto the account that was stacked against them such as screened doors and windows and of all unheard of airs a screened-in back porch. Neat flower beds in their front yard, and not a singly scraggly chicken to peck a livelihood at their back door, and when all the neighborhood youngsters had wallowed at will in the dusty street the Kent young one in stiffly starched gingham and ribbon bows in her hair had spent her time among the flower beds, playing 'a'leery' with her rubber ball or mimicking grown-ups with her dolls and china tea-set. Or 'airs' untold, Sarah Kent, mother, the unpardonably guilty one with her 'yaller' face and straight hair had taken the small though albeit stout and stumpy Mercy by the hand and gone off walking, strutting scandalously down the length of Welsh street, looking neither to the right or to the left but dividing her attention between her small daughter who clung to one hand and to the gay red parasol which she held carefully over herself with the other.

The neighbors said it was because she feared black; they joshed each other about it, and declared that they could mark the seasons by watching Sarah Kent for all summer long, the red parasol, and when the shrill winds blew, Sarah left off the parasol and adopted veils to shield her complexion.

When grown older, Mercy went off to

## A NEGRO SPEAKS

I count it quite a fruitless task,
This search of mine for eulogies,
I scan the news but all I find
About my folk are words like these:

ATTACKED!
(a negro,—burly, leering),

A THUG!
(aye, bold and dark appearing)

A BURGLARY!
(you presuppose the thief was black as were his clothes).

But rant, ye bards, your banal phrases
Score no victory for you,
Nor does your poisoned diction sear
My heart, as you would have it do.
Bale calumnies can tarnish not,
O biased horde of shallow scribes
The purity of inner me
That neath this tawny skin abides.
On ears that do not deign to hear
Your sullies fall, and, captious men
Know ye that just one stain is made—
Upon the hand that grasps the pen.
In vain your simian similies!
Chide not thy eye, remove the mote
And know the precious Perian Spring
Has cooled my ertswhile burning throat.
So rant on, scribes, but uselessly,
For me and mine are long immune,
I smile,—it does me good to know
The cub you'd tame has grown too soon.....

school, and upon her return the Welsh street youths had never quite dared to approach her. True, they delighted to group themselves on the corner and look her over. The more intrepid ones made remarks at ear-shot distances, but something in Mercy's manner piqued them. They couldn't say that she did not notice them, because she did. She looked at them impersonally from wide-set eyes with a cool tolerant stare that ruffled them amazedly, nor could they explain just how she made them feel except by shrug of shoulder and disgruntled 'humph'.

Old John Kent, father, had been employed up town for a good many years—" 'snooping' 'round Buckram white-folks," Welsh street said. How-be-it, he earned enough to foot the bills for all the 'airs' his folks put on. He had grown old in the performance of simple service; he had aided any fellow-man who needed his assistance. To him, it had seemed neither strange or unfitting to reach out a helping hand to Pat Endlidge when Endlidge, a white man, had slumped beneath successive loads of hard-luck. He had considered Endlidge's fervent promises to pay back, double fold just so much chaff threshed out from his field of fertile service. Moreover, as for being paid, Old Kent imagined that his white and green cottage, his flower-beds, and his women-folk were recompense enough for anything he had ever done or might ever do. To partake of one of Sarah's dinners after a hard day's work; to sit back, deep in his old arm-chair, listening to Mercy's tinkling touch upon the piano keys. He had long thought that he wished for nothing else.

Then like a long-in-coming boomerang, a letter bringing the information that Patrick Endlidge after twenty-five years had kept his promise. It was something to thank God for and to be proud of. It proved many things which had smouldered down in the red glow of kindliness in old Kent's heart:—that now and then, white folks did remember the hand that fed. . . . that bread cast on the water does come back. . . . that the righteous—not that he set himself up as being so righteous, but he tried to be —was never forsaken and his seed would never beg.

"God a' mighty, God a' mighty. . . . now Mercy need not beg!" Like a revelation it came to him, that all along he had wanted money, money, money, that all along he had been worrying over what he was going to leave behind for Mercy. He thought with warming chuckles of delight how Patrick Endlidge had put one over on him, repaid home one thousand-fold. A gift to himself would have been alright, but no, old Endlidge, the crook, had reached further than that. He had given to Mercy, his child, his little old gal, his Mercy.

There was rejoicing within the little white and green cottage, the sort of joy that bubbles over the rim and splashes down the sides, and makes little puddles about the bottom of the bucket and eventually forms into little rivulets to run here and there and everywhere.

The Kents thought gleefully that it had been propitious that old Nancy the neighborhood gossip had been there to share their news. They wondered in innocent merriment what folks would say. . . .

Sarah who had secretly bemoaned that her daughter Mercy at twenty-eight was yet unmarried, immediately re-lit her hopes. Money—how sweet the thought—would conceal her daughter's shortcomings like smoke does flame. Who could care now, that Miss Mercy Kent was a roly-poly, that her features were blunt, and her complexion swart or that her none too luxuriant hair was stubby and kinky, and that Mercy for all her usual good-nature was too stubborn or too lazy—Sarah could not decide which—to resort to cosmetics or to submit to the hair-dresser's art of pressing her crinkly locks into rigid straightness.

From the instant, that she knew of her 'luck' Mercy had been in a dream, a veritable daze of pleasure that enwrapped her. To think of having more money than she had ever imagined. To think she could go places, some place, maybe, that would be more friendlier towards her than Welsh street. Yes, they would all go, go somewhere and start all over. No. That could not be; it would break her parent's heart to pull up and leave this spot of their choice. It was funny, she thought, how black people became rooted to the soil like stumps, and besides, her father and mother were old, so old, they did not sense their neighbor's hostility or perhaps they had grown hardened to it. Leastway, they did not mind the ostracism which Welsh street levelled upon them. Although—her sudden good fortune was softening her heart—perhaps, she herself was too critical of Welsh street, She would stay, that's what she would, among these people whom she had always known. Stay among them and spend her wealth with them and on them and for them. They were her people, she too was a stump rooted in this soil.

Unnoticed by either Sarah or John, she slipped out of the house. She wanted to walk, an urge beset her to wander among the old familiar surroundings of Welsh street with its ramshackle houses, and its wallowing youngsters, and its idling youths, and its loitering grown-ups. She went briskly in the rolling gait that was hers. Her heavy breasts jostling with each step, her hips rippling beneath the folds of her skirt, her trim ankles and small feet catching the eye almost forcibly. Though she was unaware of it, her head sat at a haughty angle, and bobbed slightly as she walked as the head of a spirited horse does.

She was thinking about the money that would be hers, when some unkempt youngsters suddenly sprang up before her and scudded away. She laughed at their sudden flight, never once, suspecting that she was the cause of it, and instantly decided that it would be nice to use some of her legacy to build a play-ground for the youngsters on Welsh street. Supposing, so ran her thoughts, she would take in that vacant lot out by Simmons, and fix it up, swings, and slides, and. . . .

Of a sudden, she was aware of Newman's, and as usual, it swarmed with black folk. A victrola screeched 'blues.' Mercy could see into the store, and across to the soda-fountain as she approached. Two couples sat before the counter smirking at her disdainfully. As she drew in front of the entrance, a slim black youth in spotless attire sauntered out, rudely crossing before her, and without lifting his cap, he met her eye fully, and spat.

Above the waves of laughter that rushed at her, loud flung words srtuck her, sinking like lead in deep water, down, down into her heart. . . . "G'long ol' white man's gal."

Instinctively, Mercy's chin lifted, and her head bobbed a trifle faster, the rippling of her hips beneath her skirts became a bit more marked just for the interval of her passage before Newman's. Then, as she reached the corner, she staggered like a wounded beast, fighting to stand on her feet, fought desperately, before plunging headlong down the street for the haven of a white and green cottage.

---

Dear Mr. Schuyler:

The versatile Mr. C. M. Hayes, President of Gibraltar Health and Accident Insurance Co., Indianapolis, Ind., and statistician of the National Negro Insurance Association, has produced a rare gem in his article and compilations, "Our Insurance Companies," which you carried in the March number of the MESSENGER; and you have, by presenting the matter through the MESSENGER, given it the proper setting. We, therefore, congratulate you both on this unusual display of ability and public interest.

We regret in this same letter to have to sound a discordant note. But finding that you left off 83 cents of the item carried in the Cash Balance of the Southern Aid Society of Va., Inc., as of December 31, 1927, in the special paragraph under Business and Industry, in this issue, we are forced to say that we have been able to attain to what little heights we have reached only through the greatest care of the pennies and economy in every other feature of the business. Therefore, if the omission of the cents in this item is indicative of your lack of interest, any further, in the pennies, and your entry into the plutocrat class, then we wish to register our protest in leaving off the Society's pennies. On the other hand, if it was simply due to the lack of space, and you still have regard for the pennies and the small things in life, we are willing to forgive you and forget the omission.

Again congratulating you and Mr. Hayes on the very fine contribution you have made towards publicity of the efforts and work of the colored insurance groups, we are,

Very truly yours,

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VA., INC.
W. A. Jordan,
Asst. Secretary.

February 29, 1928.
Richmond, Va.,

---

## New York

By ANN LAWRENCE

New York with her "hustle,"
Her "hurry" and "bustle,"
The "Horrid Old Subway" and "El,"
Her "Miserable housing,"
Her "Midnight carousing"
And "Everyone headed for h—l,"
Is better than Russia,
Or Hindu, or China,
And in spite of it all, I'll be d—d
There is nobody leaving,
Those away are grieving,
They want to come back and be jammed!

# BLACK MAGIC AND WHITE

BY FANNIN BELCHER, JR.

It is said that a superstitious man is an ignorant man. The Negro's great superstition has been, for quite a while, the satirical butt of other races. They assert that this superstition is the result of the Negro's ignorance. They say that this condition can be remedied by means of education. This is not strictly true, however, for in the heart of nearly every human being, savage or civilized, exists a settled conviction that he dwells in the midst of an unseen world, peopled with beings of strange powers, who thwart his plans or assist him in his endeavors. But before we go further, let us consider a definition for superstition.

Superstition, I find, is derived from "Superstitio," a Latin word meaning wonder, amazement, and dread. It is an exaggerated fear of that which is unknown or mysterious. It is a belief in the direct agency of supernatural powers in witchcraft, magic, apparitions, omens, and charms, and also the belief that the fortunes of individuals can be affected for good or evil by things deemed lucky or unlucky. We must remember that those things which are now labelled as superstitions were beliefs—strictly adhered to—by our predecessors. This fact cannot be lightly passed over when it is realized that the beliefs of one generation usually become the disbeliefs of another. A thoughtful writer has said that some of the beliefs of today—if not all—are destined to be known as superstitious beliefs by the next generation. As all things are relative to time, we must assume an attitude of tolerance toward such things in the light of their historical development.

Our primitive brethren firmly believed in omens, signs, magic, and the influence of the sun, moon, and stars over their daily life. The same faith in the influence of the stars survives in our word "disaster," which means today, misfortune, grief and calamity, but which formerly meant "inimical aspect or action of a star or planet." This word is derived from the Greek "dis," meaning "ill," and "aster," derived from "astron," meaning star. All of us have read or heard of the various signs and omens which were supposed to govern man in the "hunt," in battle, in marriage, in child-birth, and in death.

To verify the theory that the progress of mankind is like a pendulum swinging from one extreme **to the other, we** have but to contrast our primitive brethren with the people of medieval times.

The medieval people disbelieved in witchcraft, magic, and omens as strongly as our primitive brethren had believed in such things. The former tolerated nothing that seemed to be in any way connected with witchcraft, omens or charms. In our histories and novels of medieval life we may trace the persecutions which were meted out to those convicted of such practices. This tracing will serve not only to illustrate the attitude of the medieval people, but also to show the development of witchcraft from the past to the present.

*(Hueffer's "Book of Witches.")
(Notestein's "History of Witchcraft.")

In the light of this historical data, it would appear that white magic has been more prevalent than black.

Witchcraft, in a general and vague sense, is something very old in English history. The word "witchcraft" itself is found in Anglo-Saxon days. As early as the seventh century, Theodore of Tarsus imposed penances upon magicians and enchanters, and the laws, from Alfred on, abound with mentions of witchcraft superstition. With the exception of these laws, which were not strenuously enforced, witchcraft suffered no restrictions until the year 1208. King Innocent III, having perceived the danger of allowing foreigners with their customs and superstitions to enter the country, began a systematic persecution of heretics. In 1208 a papal legate having been murdered by Raimond of Toulouse—against whom the Church had already serious cause of complaint, Innocent at once proclaimed the establishment of the Inquisition as a logical necessity. The cruelty of the Inquisition is well-known. The severest period of witchcraft persecution commenced from the definite classification of the witches as heretics by the Bull of Innocent III, issued in 1484. From this time up to 1563, witchcraft, though fought against, was still being practiced on a large scale. With the passing of the law of 1563, however, the history of the persecution and prosecution of witchcraft in England as a secular crime was well begun. At this time, although witchcraft showed a marked decrease, it still survived. In 1597, James I published his "Dæmonologio" and recommended the water ordeal. Two notable witch cases that followed were "The Jacobean Witchcraft Cases," and "The Lancashire Witches" during the reign of Charles I. The next decisive step against this practice was the appointment of Mathew Hopkins as witch-finder. During his regime (1649-1653) prosecutions were still numerous. From 1653 to 1659, however, there was a rapid decline not only in prosecutions, but also in accusations. The last executions for witchcraft in England were in 1682. From this time on, Justices of the courts exercised leniency, then finally came to ignoring the practice. The Salem and Salisbury Witchcraft Cases are the American Colonies' contribution to this superstition. The argument between the Evolutionists and the Fundamentalists brings the tracing of the witchcraft superstition up to the present time.

Early in the nineteenth century, folklore, legends, ghost stories, and witch tales were read as mere fables, but in the light of modern science they are studied for their historical interest as much as Roman or Greek mythology. Though many of the old omens and superstitions have passed into oblivion, there still exist hundreds and thousands of popular beliefs among every race of people, and many of them seem destined to survive as long as man exists.

To prove that the above assertion is true, we have but to glance at the various superstitions obtaining among almost all the races of the globe. In Africa the snake is held in superstitious reverence, although a cobra is killed once a year and hung head downward from a tree, and the children who have been born during the year are brought out to pray for it, for this will protect them, they think, from snakes in the future. On the other hand, to the Italian the snake is immortal, except during the full vintage of the moon when serpents are believed to become drunken on the vineyards, and may be slain. The English, up to the latter part of the eighteenth century, always regarded crickets with superstition and believed it unlucky to kill them. To a Cuban the hooting of an owl is an ominous sign, while in Persia the crowing of a rooster is an unlucky sign, and in Sweden it is unlucky to kill a stork, a robin, or a swallow. Scotch sailors will never speak of a four-footed animal while on the sea, whereas the Spaniards never place their left foot down first when stepping on board a vessel, for to do this will surely bring disaster. The Australians and the Japanese have curious ideas regarding their fingernails. The former tie the hands of the dead together and extract their fingernails in order to prevent them from scratching their way out of the grave. The latter believe that if their fingernails are cut at night, cat claws will grow. The French say that the position of a drowned body may be discovered by floating a piece of bread. An Arab, when caught in a storm on the desert, cries out, "Iron! Iron!" This, he thinks, will calm the storm, while the Chinese believe that if they don't guard their homes by suspending branches of herbs and magic plants over the door, witches will visit them*.

Now that "White Magic" has been discussed, in rather a cursory way, let us turn our attention to "Black Magic."

There is little doubt in my mind as to the origin and development of the superstitions of the Negro, though documentary evidence on this point is scarce. I admit that some of these superstitions have their beginnings in Africa and were brought to this side of the Atlantic by the Negro. But the majority of them are traceable, I think, to the great practice of witchcraft in Europe before and during the time of the settlement of the American Colonies, to which practice, as I have pointed out in the preceding pages, even the settlers in the colonies were not immune. It is but natural that there should have arisen among the Negroes—then in slavery—their own witches, who modeled their practices, as best they could under the circumstances, upon those of the white witches of Europe and the colonies.

To show this, let us take three Negro superstitions and trace their connection with the practice of witchcraft in Europe. I point out the development of only three, not because the others do not show this same connection, but because of the limitations of space.

There is a superstition among Negroes to the effect that severe pain can be appeased if the sufferer drinks "Burnt Shirt

*(The Americana Encyclopedia.)

(*Continued on page* 93)

# EDITORIALS

**Nannie Burroughs**

WE are not familiar with the merits of the case which is the basis of the controversy between Miss Burroughs and Rev. L. K. Williams, but we wish to register our humble opinion that it would be a calamity to the National Training School were Miss Buroughs' position and control in the school, in any way, impaired.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Miss Buroughs is the life and soul of the school. She is the school just as Henry Ford is the Ford Motor Company. She is its raison d'etre. It is her genius which gave it birth and continuity. If she should leave it, it will die, perhaps, not physically, but surely spiritually. And a school is not a school, but a mere congregation of buildings, desks, black boards, books, students and teachers, unless it is a spiritual entity; for the formal education is not nearly so important as the spiritual inspiration which students receive from the life and character of its educational leader. May we observe, in this connection, that by spiritual, we do not mean religious.

Therefore, we rise to move that Miss Burroughs remain the regent queen of the National Training School. She has done and is doing her job exceedingly well.

Negro men ought to take off their hats in honor to such sacrificial spirits as Nannie Burroughs, Mary McLeod Bethune, Lucy Laney and Charlotte Hawkins Brown, who are spending their lives in a hard struggle, building a beautiful womanhood in schools that are their own handiwork.

**Doctor Matthew Anderson**

WE are witnessing the passing of some of the noblest stock the Negro race has produced. Dr. Anderson represents a line of men that is rapidly nearing its end. He was a builder, an organizer, just as Cecil Rhodes was a builder. His ambition, spirit of adventure and bull-dog tenacity were so highly pitched that he could have built railroads as James J. Hill had, had he had the opportunity. In his field, he was a titan. He imperiously waved opposition aside and marched majestically onward toward his goal.

Even against a powerful trend to eliminate the Berean Industrial Manual Training School, like a mighty colossus steeled with an iron will, he held on.

Someone who knows and can fully appreciate this breed of men well, and who can etch their noble lives against a background of a swiftly changing world, should do his life for the inspiration of Negro youth and the information of other races, that they might know the strong men of African origin who once lived and worked and fought, and dreamed and built.

It is to his great credit and distinction to have built the most powerful building and loan association among Negroes in the world and one of the strongest and most stable and efficient in Philadelphia.

**Hubert H. Harrison**

THAT he was a scholar none will deny. Indeed, he was man of the book and the mind. Through his wide and rich scholarship, the people of Harlem were introduced to the finest literature of the world. He did not only present it to them, but in an original and inimitable style, possessed by few scholars, he interpreted literature to them.

He sought to make his race live with the men and women of genius, talent and ability of the past, which would give a greater power for sensing the values of current literary offerings.

History will accord him the great credit and honor of having inaugurated adult education among Negroes in New York. Adult education is rapidly achieving a wide vogue. It is a process of impressing into the channels of education popularized, the broad masses who have been deprived because of the lack of opportunity, of formal training.

His education ran the gamut of art, literature, the social sciences, including history, sociology, anthropology, economics and philosophy. It is our hope that some writer, with a practised hand, and a full mind, will preserve his fine life for future generations. The values that his genius left the world and his people, are far more enduring than silver or gold.

**Unemployment**

SENATOR WAGNER of New York State, in a speech in the United States Senate, alleges that there are four million men and women unemployed at the present time. This is quite a blow to the prosperity doctrine of President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover and some of the other Republican leaders. That this situation is pregnant with grave consequences, the most optimistic will admit.

However, it is not strange, for industrial crises come and go every seven, eight or ten years. They are inherent in the present economic order. More goods and services have been produced than the masses of people are able to buy, for the wage level of the great majority of wage earners is a subsistence level. Only the trade union group of wage earners receive a differential in pay that removes them from the bare subsistence line. Therefore, the country is beset by periods of chronic over-production. By over-production, we don't mean that more goods and services have been produced than the people can consume, but more goods and services have been produced than they have purchasing power to command. Consequently large inventories accumulate and turn-overs are slow, resulting in business and industrial recessions.

The Federal Reserve Banking System was organized with a view to relieve the maladjustment resultant to sharp industrial depression cycles, but it has utterly failed to achieve the end for which it was planned. Fundamentally modern production and distribution are hopelessly planless. There are feverish periods of production to meet high price levels, which quickly reach a saturation point, and then a lapse or deflation process ensues, when factories close down, railroad car-loadings are less, the mines and mills operate upon a lower capacity basis, and an industrial paralysis looms over the land. Capital becomes more timid and the great mass of workers are thrown upon a labor market unable to absorb them, to shift for themselves. These are what is known as hard times.

When workers are largely unorganized, they feel more keenly the sting of the blow of hard times. Such a condition presents a pathetic as well as a menacing spectacle. Able-bodied men out of work tramp the streets seeking work, but cannot work because the mines, mills, factories, railroads are closed down because those very same workers have worked too hard and produced so much that they worked themselves out of work, putting millions, yea, billions into the pockets of a handful of men who own the mines, mills, factories, fields and railroads.

Many schemes have been set forth as a remedy for unemployment. But most of them are superficial save the one which seeks to go to the root of the matter with a view to reorganizing the social, economic and political life of the world, for unemployment is not a malady indigenous to any particular country, it is world-wide.

# AUTHOR—WARRIOR—POET

BY J. A. ROGERS

*Noted Negro Author and Journalist*

Antar Ibn Shaddad, "knight of knights, the lion whom none could withstand," incomparably the greatest of Negro poets, and one of the foremost lyricists the world has known, was of the humblest origin. Like Gen. Dumas, Bilal, Samory, Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, his mother was a Negro slave.

Few men started lower in life, and with greater handicaps than Antar; few, if any, have risen higher than he in the esteem of those who began by despising him. What Roland is to the French; St. George to the English and Achilles to the Greeks, Antar is to the world of Islam; indeed, Antar is at once a Homer and Achilles combined. To the Mohammedan he is "Abul Fouraris—The Father of Heroes."

Born in the 6th Century (date uncertain), he was the son of Shaddad, one of the chiefs of the Abs tribe of the Bedouin race, and Zabuba, an Abyssinian slave woman. The Bedouins of his day prided themselves on the purity of their descent from Ishmael—that, and their famous Arabian steeds—and to them Antar was as but scum. To make it worse he was extraordinarily ugly, "black and swarthy like an elephant, flat-nosed, blear-eyed, harsh-featured, ears immensely long," and as if to crown all, he was hare-lipped, but from his eyes "flashed sparks of fire."

Antar's wealthy father despised him for his Negro origin and his illegitimacy, and at the behest of his wife, who hated Antar, he was sent off to mind cattle. But like David of the Scriptures, he was destined to flash into sudden fame. War broke out between his tribe and a neighboring one. Antar entered the fight as a humble soldier; he emerged the hero of the day. His father immensely proud of him, at once set him free.

"From that moment," says La Grande Encyclopedie, "the warlike life of Antar began. He became the defender of his tribe, its firmest support, and other tribes often reproached the Arabs because they had a Negro as chief. But Antar did not trouble about that or his origin. He considered himself a parvenu, 'one whose mother was of the race of Ham, but who has his sword to defend him.'"

"Deprived of the advantages of good looks and birth," says Larousse, "he won merit by force of soul, by the power of his spirit, and the indomitable energy of his character, the foremost rank among men. . . .

"The blackness of his skin caused him to be classed with the lowest slave of the tribe. From his infancy he gave proof of extraordinary force and courage. By the brilliance of his acts he redeemed his extraction and won his freedom. . . . Like most of the Arab chiefs of this period he was as skilled in the poetic art as in the use of the sword."

It is difficult to say in which of these two arts he excelled the more. One of his poems was ordered hung up at the door of the Temple of Mecca—the highest honor that could be awarded a writer, while Mahomet spoke of him as being "the only Bedouin he ever cared to meet." Lamartime, famous French poet, says of this poem: "It is one of the finest lyrical chants in any language," while Renan paid him a similar tribute.

His verses are exalted combining the most warlike spirit with the sublimest ecstasy. In the East where love is a fine art, he is the finest of all Eastern love poets, his verses eclipsing those of the famous "Song of Solomon." All his life he was in love with Ibla, his cousin on his father's side. Opposition to the union, because of his ancestry was great, all of which caused his love to burn more brightly.

He sings her praise thus:

"The logs of aloe sparkle in the fire and the flames rise high in the air; the sweetness of its vapor refreshes my heart when it is wafted with a northerly wind; its brilliancy and flame are the fame of my beauteous Ibla, But, Oh, fire, burn not, blaze not for in my heart is a flame more furious than thee."

Again:

"Slimly made is she and the magic influence of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb,

"The sun as it sets turns towards her and says: Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise in my absence and the brilliant moon calls to her: Come forth for thy face is like me when I am at the full and in all my glory,

"The tamarisk trees complain of her to the moon and say: Away thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel. She turns away abashed and throws aside her veil and the roses are scattered from her soft fresh cheeks,

"She draws her sword from the glances of her eye-lashes, sharp and penetrating as the blade of her forefathers and with it her eyes commit murder though it be sheathed; is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims?

"Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away,

"When she smiles, between her teeth, is a moisture composed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! alas! the effect of that throat and that necklace. Will fortune, ever, Oh daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of all the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels and her family I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I would kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap, the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched.

"Shall thou and I ever meet as formerly in Mount Saadi? or will the messenger come from thee to announce the meeting, or will he relate that thou art in the land of Nejd?

"Shall we meet in the land of Showeba and Hima and shall we live in joy and happiness? I am the well-known Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die but when I am gone, history shall tell of me."

Antar was killed in battle with the tribe of Tai about 615 A.D., but so great were his deeds, so renowned his poetic skill, that at once he passed into tradition as in the case of Homer, David, Jesus, Mohamet, Buddha, Shakespeare, and all the great ones of the earth, who arose at a time when literature did not enjoy its present precision. A great literature sprang up around him, with hundred of tales of his prowess, the most noted of which has been translated by Terrick Hamilton, and which is as spirited a tale of chivalrous, heroic, and daring conduct as is to be found in the literature of the West. Much of it is legendary: Antar is depicted as overcoming difficulties as great as those of Homer's heroes or of the Seven Champions of Christendom, but running through it is the true story of his life. In the cafes of Damascus and Cairo, Antar's exploits are still the chief theme of the story-tellers.

In one of these exploits Antar is returning from his conquests in distant parts of Asia loaded with spoil. He meets Aboodeji, who up to then had been invincible. A battle ensues between them, "that would have daunted the boldest warriors. And they continued the combat until Antar observing the enemy flag, pressed on him, wearied him, and terrified him, then extending his sword, pierced him between the breasts, and forced the barb out through his shoulders, crying out, Oh by Abs! Oh by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla."

Ibla's noble born father, and her brother, Amarah, are bitterly opposed to the union. "Well," says the latter, when he sees that it is inevitable, "I can no longer remain with the tribe of Abs. I shall migrate for I have not an eye to look on this black slave who presumes to take possession of Ibla—that full moon."

"But," replies his father, "what more can a man do? Could the God of heaven in his wrath be more adverse to him than I, when I exposed him to those oceans of peril?"

Malik adds that nothing more can be done to thwart Antar as "everyone loves him," and should their behavior towards him be observed, they will "be hated by all." Amarah refuses to be consoled and says: "Verily my gall is bursting at this vile black slave whom fortune favors. By the truth of our idols should he enter unto Ibla I shall die of anguish."

"At daybreak," continues the narrative, Antar ordered the slaves to prepare for departure. Six hundred was the number of the blacks. When the mules and camels were loaded and the female slaves mounted on them, Grecians, Persians, Georgians and

(*Continued on page 92*)

By JAMES W. IVY

*"Black and White" (Washington, D. C.: The Crane Press: Limited Edition), by J. C. Byars, Jr.* An anthology of poetry written by the poets of the District of Columbia. The poems included are very uneven in merit. Four Negro poets are included: Angelina Grimke, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Lewis Alexander, and Walter Everett Hawkins.

*"Life On the Mississippi" (Harper and Brothers: $2.50), by Mark Twain.* A new edition of Mark Twain's famous masterpiece. Twain, who was once a river boat pilot, writes of the Father of Waters, from first hand knowledge, and with his usual humor and gusto. Mark Twain's reputation has grown with the years, and he stands in rank with other American authors like Poe and Whitman.

*"Misleaders of Labor" (Trade Union Educational League: $1.75), by William Z. Foster.* What is the purpose of the American labor leader? Let us read him by his deeds. According to Mr. Foster, over three-fourths of them in this country are in reality "labor fakers," *i. e.*, greedy, unscrupulous men, to whom the labor movement is a sort of attrabent, because it helps them to line their own pockets. Among them one seldom finds the uplifted hand yearning for a better day; but merely greed and selfishness. Labor's real leaders, in consequence, go begging like the Metragyrti of Rhea. The leaders of the Unions in the building trades are especially corrupt. Here they have a better chance for graft and a rake-off than in any other line of industry where labor is organized, and they make good use of their opportunity. The leaders of most of the Unions receive salaries out of all proportion to their actual worth. Some of these salaries are enough to make a banker envious. None of them is class conscious. Their ideal is the civilized selfishness of the plutocrats. And every time one of them rushes into print to warn his followers of the Bolshevists he utters, not words of wisdom, but vapid nonsense. The solution, if there is one, must be through a slow process of education of the workingman to an appreciation of his actual position in capitalistic society. Just as long as he continues to believe that on some not too distant tomorrow he too may be a Ford or a Rockefeller, just so long will he lack class consciousness, and just so long will he prevent the creation of a real working-class labor movement. It is the enormous wealth of America that lures our working class into a sodden sleep of fancied equality with the plutocrats. American laborers remind one of some Negro chauffeurs whom I have heard refer to their masters' Rolls as "our Rolls." "We have a Rolls Royce, and a Packard too, you know." "We produce so much of this and so much of that; and we have more money than anybody else in the world," says the American laborer. With this attitude goes the "labor faker"; on the day that it changes men like Foster and others will come into their own.

*"Memoirs of A Poor Relation" (E. P. Dutton & Co.: $5.00), by Marietta Minnigerode Andrews.* The very interesting and sentimental memoirs of an aristocratic Southern lady whose family wealth was swept away in the storm of the Civil War. She gives us intimate pictures and little-known sidelights on many of the important families of the Civil War period. She tells us, also, about two Negro women of this period: Fannie and Mammy. The book reveals the soul and mind of, what I should say is, the average Southern aristocrat.

*"Russia After Ten Years" (International Publishers).* "The report of the American Trade Union Delegation to the Soviet Union." Important as a revelation of the attitude of American labor leaders toward Soviet Russia. It contains nothing new. Yet it presages the beginning of a new day, maybe, in our attitude toward the Russians and their novel social experiment.

*"Prosperity(?)" (Vanguard Press and League for Industrial Democracy: $0.50), edited by Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas.* Most Americans like to think of their country as the most prosperous one in the world. But they seldom define the word prosperity. They don't tell us if they use it in an absolute or a relative sense. Certain classes in this country, to be sure, are prosperous; others are not. The country as a whole, no doubt, shows absolute prosperity. We are enormously rich as a people; yet 20 per cent. of the national income is received by 1 per cent. of the people. The poorest 25 per cent. receive only 3 1-2 per cent. of the total income. One per cent. own 33 per cent. of the national wealth, and another small percentage control practically all of our basic industries. These conditions resolve prosperity into a prosperity for a few, the plutocrats, with a bare subsistence for the many. Few of us seem to be aware of the great disparity between the wealth and comfort of our plutocrats as compared with the relative poverty of our proletariat. Creature-comforts here are not so hard to obtain, so we seldom give these matters a thought, but we should.

*"Philosophy" (W. W. Norton & Co.: $3.00), by Bertrand Russell.* I don't pretend to know anything about philosophy, though I read many of the philosophers with pleasure and profit, especially Plato's "Dialogues," Nietszche's works, and the "Essays' of Schopenhauer. Of the other philosophers I know nothing. Mr. Bertrand Russell and Henri Borgeson are the only contemporary philosophers that I have read. Mr. Russell is profound and at the same time knows how to write. A thing which most philosophers cannot do. Kant, for example.

This book is a summation of Mr. Russell's philosophy. Mr. Russell discards the old division of the known world into mind and matter, and the human into soul and body, for a view that both are structures "composed of a more primitive stuff which is neither mental nor material." He accepts "neutral monism." Then he discusses the physical world in relation to the new discoveries of modern science, which has robbed so-called matter of its "solidarity and substantiality." When I studied physics five years ago all matter was thought to be composed of molecules, which were composed of atoms, and the atoms of electrons and protons. But Heisenberg has found that these electrons and protons can be "dissolved into systems of radiations"; and Schlödinger dissolves them into "systems of waves"—which, mathematically, amount to the same thing. Hence our conception of the physical has been both extended and turned upside down. We must not forget Einstein with his substitutes of "space-time" for "space and time." These discoveries have turned "the physical world into a four-dimensional continuum of events, instead of a series of three-dimensional states of a world composed of persistent bits of matter." The relativity-theory has forced us, too, to do away with the theory of force. The vistas which these new discoveries and theories open up is immense.

Mr. Russell then discusses man and his place in nature in relation to the new psychology. Man has almost conquered nature, but not himself. These words of wisdom which Mr. Russell gives at the close of his book, should be taken to heart by all intelligent people: "The dangers to man in the future, or at least in any measurable future, come, not from nature, but from man himself. Will he use his power wisely? Or will he turn the energy liberated from struggle with nature into struggles with his fellow men?"

To me this book is more fascinating than a novel. Most modern novels waste your time and give you nothing to think about, while any intelligent man can read this book to his profit.

*"Standing Room Only?" (The Century Co.: $3.00), by Edward Alsworth Ross.* The problem of population has always been of paramount importance to social philosophers, politicians, and the militarists. The

population question seems to be a question which everyone who studies solves to his own satisfaction, but seldom to that of the other students of the problem. Many prophecies are made but few of them are fulfilled. Several years ago careful students, at least they said they were, of population predicted the Negro's total extinction in this country. Has the prediction been fulfilled? No! For with every census the Negro shows an absolute increase in his numbers, although a relative decrease in ratio to the rest of the population. Herbert Spencer, in his Principles of Biology, says that "Individuation and genesis are necessarily antagonistic." He means that the very things that make for the advancement and civilization of a people at the same time make for a decrease in its birth-rate. From this fact some students of the problem argue that a high civilization means a decreased biological fertility. Dr. Pearl, of Johns Hopkins, says that there is no proof to warrant the truth of such a belief. Take the laws worked out by Malthus, perhaps the clearest and most comprehensive utterance on the subject of any authority of his eminence, that "always population tends to multiply faster than the means of subsistence can be increased." That population increases by geometric progression; the food supply by arithmetic progression. Yet there seems to be hardly any two authorities who can agree on just what Malthus means.

I mention these things to convince my readers of the complexity of the problem. Dr. Ross's book is a discussion of the many baffling phases of the problem. He wants to know if we are going to spawn like fish, until we have standing room only? He is for adaptive fertility, *i. e.*, birth control. Like most birth controllers, he inveighs against the restriction of this knowledge to the upper classes alone, who least need it. Despite the law against the dissemination of birth control information, I am of the opinion that the religious and conventional prejudices of the poorer classes operate more effectively in this matter than the police and the law. Of the half-dozen and more methods that I know, none is absolutely safe. It seems to me that this knowledge is more easily obtainable than most people think, and its wide dissemination would hardly help matters as Dr. Ross seems to think.

I advise my readers to read these *Vanguard books;* they are only fifty cents each: *"What Is Mutualism?" by Clarence L. Swartz; "What Is The Single Tax?" by Louis F. Post; "What Is Cooperation?" by James Peter Warbasse.* In simple language the author explains to the layman the fundamental facts about Mutualism, Coöperation, and the Simple Tax. Three things that intelligent people should know something about.

*W. W. Norton & Co.* sends three volumes in its *"The New Science Series."* They are small books well printed on good paper, and sell for $1.00 a copy.

*"The Father In Primitive Psychology," by Bronislaw Malinowiski.*

*"Science and Poetry," by I. A. Richards;* and *"Culture: The Diffusion Controversy,"* by G. Elliot Smith, Bronislaw Malinowiski, Herbert J. Spinden, and Alex. Goldenweiser.

The first volume is a brief summary of the relation of the father to the child in primitive psychology; the second, a study of science in its relation to poetry; and the third is a presentation of the arguments for and against the diffusionist theory of the spread of culture.

*"About Ourselves: Psychology for Normal People" (W. W. Norton & Co. $3.00), by H. A. Overstreet.* There seems to be a conspiracy to leave the normal man out of everything, and especially out of many of the psychologies. To many of the psychologists it seems to be a sort of turpiloquin to study the average normal man; but to those singular and peculiar individuals who may be given to Mokhtheria or Phoenicissare, or sadism, they will devote volume after volume. It may seem strange, but after all it is the unusual that is of supreme interest. For us normal folk, however, Dr. Overstreet has written an informing book. He analyzes all the intelligent questions that may arise about our thoughts, beliefs, conduct, emotions, prejudices, etc. The book is in simple language and can be easily understood by a layman. Get it!

*"Thinking With Africa" (Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada; $1.25), Assembled and edited by Milton Stauffer.* No doubt the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which is responsible for the publication of this volume, wishes the world to think with Africa rather than for her; but not until the economic exploitation of Africa ceases will it be possible for the Christian world to think with Africa. Every time I pick up a copy of *La Race Nègre* or *Le Courrier des Noirs,* I find mention of some unspeakable crime perpetrated on the defenseless African. Yet none of our great organs of public opinion speaks out against them. Even the great Christian journals pass them by. One thing about this book, however, is its frankness and impartiality. C. T. Loram writes on "Our Cultural Heritage"; Winfred Hoernlé writes on "Religion in Native Life"; Max Yergan writes on "Youth's Challenge to Youth"; D. D. T. Japavu writes on "Christianity and the Bantu"; and Thomas Jesse Jones writes on "In Africa as a Whole," with his usual bias and sugar coating of bitter facts. Rheinallt Jones, W. E. Owen, Zaccheus R. Mahabane, and Rubusana also have papers on some of the different aspects of Africa and the Africans.

*"Anthologie Nègre: nouvelle édition" (Paris: Au Sans Pareil; 20 francs), par Blaise Cendrars.*

*"The African Saga" (Payson & Clarke, Ltd.;* $5.00), *by Blaise Cendrars translated by Margery Bianco.* A new edition of Cendrar's *Anthologie* appears in Paris almost simultaneously with its publication in this country.

In comparing the translation with its original, the first things I noted were the omissions. In chapter 17, I note the translator has omitted the Rabelaisian tale of *Les Incongrus* and *Le Coq et L'Ane;* in chapter 18, *Concours matrimonial;* and in chapter 16, *Hammat et Mandiaye.* Excepting these omissions the book is well translated. Mr. Arthur B. Spingarn has an admirable Introduction to the *Saga,* in which, among other things, he says, "Africa possesses a civilization and a culture that is rich and varied, primitive no doubt, but genuine and beautiful and—in its oral literature much of this has been preserved and adequately expressed. And so in this anthology we have not only a record of the wit and wisdom of Africa, but the soul of a people, which may be judged by the Criteria of pure letters."

The African proverbs included in this book will stand comparision with those of any people. It is the proverb, the embodiment of the common wisdom of man, that reveals the essential unity of mankind. When we read the Charades and proverbs collected in this book, we see that the African mind is the equal of any other mind in the world. Take the Haussa proverb: "One is betrayed only by one's own," is it not the same in thought with the old English proverb: "Save me from my friends?" Another Haussa proverb says, "A lie will give blossoms, but no fruit." This is better even than our proverb, of Eastern origin, that "A lie has no legs." Among the Sesuto I find some good ones: "Wisdom has more than one dwelling"; "Death is always new"; "Our own sore does not hurt when we scratch it ourselves." These few will give my readers some idea of their quality.

Besides the proverbs there are cosmic legends, wonder tales, historical legends, love stories, moral tales, fables, poems, songs and dances and stories to account for the origin of things and civilization. Every race proud Negro should own a copy. It is a book that I commend whole heartedly.

*"It Is Better To Tell" (E. P. Dutton & Co.;* $2.50), *by Kathleen Coyle.* Lydia Scarfa, the keeper of a toy shop in Antwerp, has had two children by her lover, Dion Tancred. The people of her acquaintance in Antwerp are under the impression that she is a widow whose husband was lost in a mine explosion in Mexico. Rain and Harold, her daughter and son, think their father dead. Later Rain and Harold are instrumental in getting the noted dramatist, Dion Tancred, to Antwerp to lecture to their club. They wish him to stay at their house. At first their mother refuses. She is afraid that the children will find out that he is their father. Finally she consents.

She is, however, at the station to meet Dion in order to ask him to keep her secret. Dion arrives with his black mistress, Madame Argente. She was completely black. She had beautiful eyes. There was a dark carved vigilance in her expression that rather fascinated Lydia.

After this the story is one of the subtle antagonism between Lydia and Madame Argente, until a fireside confession by Madame Argente of her relations with Dion relieves the tension. In the end the children learn the identity of their real father, Dion, and he goes back to Lydia.

Madame Argente, the black woman, is the most intensely alive character in the book. And Miss Coyle's lovely prose admirably depicts her supersensitiveness, her jungle beauty, and her naive frankness and passion. Madame Argente finds that even in Europe a black woman can have a hard time of it sometimes. She visited America once with her boxer husband, and was refused entrance to a theatre box which her

(*Continued on page* 93)

# Business & Industry

Compiled by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

A new insurance company has entered the arena of Negro business. It is the Harlem Life Insurance Company which was recently issued a certificate of incorporation. It is headed by J. J. Joseph and Charles M. Hanson, and claims to be the only Negro insurance company authorized to sell stock in New York State. Its offices are at 2370 Seventh Ave., New York City. *Now laugh at "backward" Harlem.*

The Victory Life Insurance Company of Chicago, Ill., has opened a new branch office in Kings Borough, New York City, at 1660 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Archibald J. Parsons is district manager.

James Sweeting, Jr., agent for the Chandler car, and connected with the Noble Davis Motor Company, 2442 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y. City, was the only Negro holding a responsible position as salesman at the recent automobile show at the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

The Success Building and Loan Association of Baltimore, Md., is going to remodel its building at 1615 Madison Avenue, into six apartments and two stores.

Out of the 830 building and loan companies in the state of Ohio, only 102 are on the state superintendent's "Honor Roll," i.e., that has its Reserve. Fund built up. The Adelpha Building and Loan Association, a Negro concern, is one of the honored 102, and one of the two mentioned from the City of Columbus, where there are 35 such companies located.

Ira W. Franklin, a colored waiter residing at 1803 Belmar Place, Santa Monica, Calif., has invented a new radio device which may revolutionize the industry. It eliminates static and improves reception without use of outside aerial or ground wire.

The Micheaux Film Company, 200 West 135th Street, New York, N. Y., which has produced many so-called "race" films, has finally gone bankrupt. Liabilities exceeded assets by almost $500.

The Eureka Film Corporation, a New York concern, said to be controlled by white people but guided by the H. R. George & Company, has launched an entirely new motion picture project. It will produce and distribute films for the 500 theatres in the country having entirely Negro audiences, and will use both white and black actors.

Sam McCall, 98-year-old Negro ex-slave of Thomasville, Ala., is dead. To those who do not know of his work, it might be well to mention that it was his crop rotation methods that attracted the attention of the United States Department of Agriculture, which resulted in Government agents obtaining valuable information for the farmers of Alabama and adjoining states.

Adversity brings some folks together, just as it makes others spring apart. For instance, there are the bootblacks of Harlem. They are up in arms because some psalm singer invoked a forgotten statute against Sunday work, which has forced them to keep their places closed on the Day of Rest. Now these Rag and Brush Men have formed an association or union to fight for their right to polish shoes on the Sabbath. *More power to 'em.*

It is reported from the National Capital that in sixteen Southern states 194,540, or slightly in excess of 23 per cent. of the 831,455 farms operated by colored farmers are owned by them. Seventy-five per cent. of the farmers in West Virginia are owners. In the state of Virginia, sixty-six per cent. of all of the farms are owned by Negroes. Mississippi has the greatest number of Negro farm operators, but the lowest percentage of ownership. Forty-one per cent. of the colored and 12 per cent. of the white farmers in the South are share croppers.

William S. Dunmore, prominent Negro contractor of Tulsa, Okla., is erecting a modern office building for Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Kyle, well-known Negro business people, in Tulsa.

The Durham Dairy Products Co., Durham, N. C., has opened up its heart and employed a Negro salesman and carrier on its force in the person of one Thos. Hall. He will work in the Negro section. *Other milk companies throughout the country might follow this example.*

In co-operation with the National Negro Business League and the U. S. Department of Commerce, the Associated Negro Press is sending out a weekly column of advice and instructions to business men under the heading "Industry and Business."

Attorney Louis B. Anderson, Negro alderman of the Second Ward, Chicago, Ill., has been elected to the board of directors of the Lincoln State Bank, a strong financial institution owned and controlled by white citizens.

The Acme Regalia Company of Durham, N. C., a Negro concern headed by the well-known J. M. Avery, reports a flourishing and ever-widening business in fraternal regalia. This concern is giving employment to many hustling Negroes.

From the rather forbidding town of Troup, Texas, comes the report that 21 Negro farmers in Smith County made a total of 116 bales of cotton on 105 acres. One farmer, Will Johnson, took 10 bales off 5 acres. One Negro boy, Sherman Jackson, made 112 bushels of corn on one acre, while another, David Ford, made 99 bushels. Zanie Warren, Negro farm club member, raised two bales of cotton on one acre, which isn't so bad for a young girl.

The Negro Business League of Shreveport, La., is making a hot drive for membership. Forty-two captains are on the job. The drive is to last 40 days, and $25 in prizes are being offered to the captains bringing in the most members.

From New Orleans, the Crescent City, comes news that the Broadmoor Laundry, a Negro concern, has opened for business. It is equipped with the latest machinery for turning out clean clothes.

The Douglas Loan Company of Baton Rouge (La.) and the Citizen's Realty and Investment Company, Inc., of New Orleans (La.) have effected a merger. A. E. Perkins is president.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Negro Business League plans to publish a business directory, and has placed in charge of the work Mr. W. A. Scott, a graduate of Morehouse College, who got out a first-class directory for the Jacksonville (Fla.) Business League. *Every Negro community ought to have a business directory.*

Mr. Tom Wilson, prominent dark citizen of Nashville, Tenn., has put in operation a bus line for Negroes between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Patronage is increasing daily.

The Afro-American Life Insurance Company of Jacksonville, Fla., announces that it did $1,011,000 worth of business last year. It has assets of $687,000 and liabilities of $368,831.47. It does business in Georgia and Florida with 250 branches and 625 employees. *Ah, the downtrodden Negro!*

It is reported that there are 216,000 colored men engaged in the building trades in these charming United States. This number includes masons, contractors, carpenters, electricians, painters, glaziers, paperhangers, plasterers, plumbers, roofers and laborers.

And now Harlem has a branch of the Negro Business League. William H. Wortham is President; James A. Steele, first vice-president; Lemuel Foster, Secretary; Watt Terry, treasurer. *So there now!*

---

### Announcement

The National Negro Insurance Association will convene in its Eighth Annual Session in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, April 25, 26, 27, 1928.

The Association is composed of thirty companies; a full attendance is expected and a splendid program for the further advancement of the Association.

Dr. J. E. Walker of Memphis, Tennessee is president and Mr. W. Ellis Stewart of Chicago, Illinois, is secretary of the National Negro Insurance Association.

---

### Interlude

By LAURA TANNE

The brown tiger lies in the silvery forest
Where the tender branches caress him—
He is tired of riding mellow earth.
A moon-whitened tree is tired of too much
fruit . . .
Together they blend in rest.

# THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

## ACTIVITIES OF THE MONTH

### LOS ANGELES DISTRICT

GEORGE S. GRANT, *Organizer.*

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Women's Economic Council of the Los Angeles District are beginning to put into operation a program which they feel will help greatly the regular operation of the collection of dues and assessments.

The Brotherhood has been divided into groups, ten members to each group, with a Captain at the head of each group. Each Captain is then assigned a Lieutenant—one of the members of the Women's Economic Council who is not the wife of a porter. This Captain and Lieutenant work together in the business of collecting dues and assessments, distribution of literature and bulletins, stimulating the morale about them and bringing into the Brotherhood whatever non-members may be assigned to their group. This plan, which is just being perfected, promises to produce excellent results and the women of the Economic Council are very enthusiastic and conscientious about their duties and responsibilities.

The Women's Economic Council has also formed several other committees to assist the Brotherhood, among which are a Publicity and Propaganda Committee, and a Fund Raising Committee.

The joint dance given by the Brotherhood and the Women's Economic Council last month was a tremendous success and they are planning in the near future to give another big affair.

### RESOLUTION

The Advisory Council of the Los Angeles District of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in special meeting assembled February 27th, 1928, herewith adopts the following resolution:

Inasmuch as it has pleased the Author of Life to take from our midst our loyal and faithful Brother, A. Payne, who was at all times devoted in his interest and conscientious in his support to the organization which is striving to obtain better wages and working conditions, and manhood recognition for Pullman Porters, and inasmuch as during the life of Brother Payne his membership in this organization was secret and had to be so because to have revealed the fact that he was a member of the organization would have caused him to suffer discrimination and unjust reprisals on the part of the forces who are opposing the effort for better wages, working conditions and manhood recognition for Pullman Porters. Now that Brother Payne has departed this life, and need no longer fear reprisals or intimidations, it is meet and just and wholly fitting that our Brother should be given the recognition and honor which his loyal and faithful support deserves.

We, the members of the Advisory Council of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, Los Angeles District, herewith extend our sincere and heart-felt condolences to the bereaved members of the family of Brother Payne, and to sorrowing friends, and we close this testimonial with the following quotations from that inspiring verse, "Carry On":

"So when the roll call sounds the worker's name
And all his deeds are gathered in the past;
But let him know that *you* will play the game
That *you* will keep the faith until the last;
Then, tho' the shades of death his eyes may dim,
His soul will see the coming of the Dawn,
You need not grieve, you need not fear for him,
If he but know that *you* will 'carry on.'"

We pledge ourselves to carry on.

—GEO. S. GRANT.

### CHICAGO DIVISION

224 E. Pershing Road, Chicago.

M. P. WEBSTER, *Organizer*
GEO. W. CLARK, *Sec'y-Treas.*

The Organizing Committee in the Chicago Division is highly elated at the spirit that exists among the Chicago men. We never have to send out a notice for a meeting now—all of our meetings are well attended and men have waited as late as eleven o'clock in order to participate in the meetings. Out-of-town men are always welcome, just show your card at the door.

The decision of the United States District Court of Texas on the matter of the Company Union was very well received by the members here. The methods perpetrated on some of the Pullman porters by some of the local Pullman superintendents are almost analogous to some of the conditions complained of by the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. This decision spells the doom of the Company Union—even the one that is disguised as the Employee Plan of Representation.

* * *

The Ladies' Auxiliary is making some rather rapid progress. An Entertainment Committee and a Steering Committee has been appointed. Under the efficient leadership of several well-meaning women, they are coordinating their forces and making some material progress for the Brotherhood. They expect very soon to be second to none.

A Whist Party was given for the men Thursday evening, February 23rd, and in informal dance was given for the members and their wives and families, on March the 9th. They are excelling themselves in providing a social program for the organization and the Chicago Division is developing into a regular family affair for Pullman Porters. Thanks to the good work of our loyal women; the Brotherhood could not get along without them.

* * *

### ARE YOU A MESSENGER SUBSCRIBER?

Several of our older men were discharged the first of the year. Fortunately, but a few, have been placed in other profitable employment. We don't expect any more discharges unless a man deserves to be discharged and the superintendents who continue to chide the men about the Union will soon find themselves facing the same situation as some of his brother railroad officials did in Texas.

* * *

### "THE DOG BARKS AT THE MOON"

One Doctor Watson, signs himself as a porter, writes, we understand, in the New York Age. Company officials are circulating his story. He asks a number of questions about the Brotherhood. It is wholly unnecessary for him to go to all of that trouble; any Pullman porter could answer them for him. Many would be glad to. However, the U. S. Mediation Board ruled that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters represented a majority of the porters by the porters' own wishes. The doctor's propaganda, however, is meeting the same reception as the articles of "Letter Writin' Tom."

The Chicago Whip brays again. This time under the name of Harry Hull, who probably hails from Harvard also, does the Whip's "illustrious" editor. Brother Hull has outdone even the little Heebie editor in creating mirth among the Pullman porters. His articles have been a constant reminder of the story often told about the dog barking at the moon.

* * *

### SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MESSENGER

A "Leading Citizen" of Chicago makes a statement that the Brotherhood has never rendered a financial account of the moneys received and paid out, to its membership. This "Leading Citizen" however, is very careful in keeping his identity concealed and we do not much blame him. But this has long been a method used by leading citizens when squarely approached about their attitude toward this organization, in their woefully attempts to evade the real issues involved. If the Brotherhood's officials were guilty of all the crimes and misdemeanors that have been charged against them—particularly in view of the fact that the Pullman porters have so many well-wishers such as newspaper editors, business men and leading citizens—they would long ago been incarcerated in places where they would cease to be of any further harm. The ravings of such men as this "Leading Citizen" only serve to demonstrate the lack of ability on the part of these so-called staunch citizens to really stand the acid test. No man who has an honest conviction is ashamed to let the public know who he is and these leading citizens always "don't want their names mentioned." It will take more than that to break the Brotherhood spirit.

* * *

A series of Safety First meetings were held at the Young Men's Christian Association's hall during the week of February 13th. One of the meetings was addressed by another Chicago "Leading Citizen" who is reported to have said, among other things, to the porters assembled. "Don't bite the hand that is feeding you" and "Don't be mislead by loud mouthed speakers." Fortunately, we have this "Leading Citizen's" number and have had it since the beginning of the movement. He might be called upon to tell why it was necessary for a "Leading Citizen" to be called upon to be speaker for a Safety First meeting for Pullman porters.

* * *

Much credit is due the Federation News, the official organ of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and James Bruck, its editor, for the excellent publicity given us about our Labor Conference and other activities during that week. The daily newspapers including the *Chicago Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago Herald* and *Examiner* all gave us a very good "break." Mr. Carl Haessler, of the Federated Press, wrote a very detailed and interesting story about the Labor Conference for the papers that his agency serves. The *Chicago Defender* wrote a column and a half on the Labor Conference. Of course, we expected nothing unless it was a criticism, from the *Chicago Whip* and the *"Heb."* The *Chicago Bee*, however, no doubt, did not consider the Labor Conference important enough news to say a line about it. The daily papers gave us a write up before and after the conference. We often wonder what it takes to make news for the *Chicago Bee*.

* * *

The Credit Union for the members of the Chicago Division of the Brotherhood is in the process of formation. C. Francis Stradford, our local attorney, is perfecting the legal details. We expect to be ready for business in a few weeks.

* * *

The Chicago Division is headquarters for out-of-town men. Men from Los Angeles, Oakland, St. Louis, Ft. Worth, Oklahoma City, New York, St. Paul and a number of other districts are frequent visitors to the headquarters.

* * *

The Chicago Division appeals to all loyal Brotherhood men to attend your meetings and pay your dues, as it is not near as far to the successful end of your journey as it has been from the beginning. The victory is in sight. You will soon reap the reward from our many sacrifices and hard work.

* * *

Read the Messenger—subscribe for it—$1.50.

### SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

517 Wood St., Oakland.

By C. L. DELLUMS, *Local Field Agent*
DAD MOORE, *Organizer.*

The men of this district have taken another notch up in their belts and are prepared to fight to the very end. They are not worrying about the time and are proving it by paying up their dues and all obligations. The men who had been in arrears for a long time were proud of the Dispensation and are taking advantage of it. The organization is stronger now than ever. The local headquarters has gotten to be the regular hang-out for a lot of them, which is proof enough of their interest and enthusiasm. The spirit is running high and our old warrior, Dad Moore, is riding high in the saddle. The Brotherhood men of Oakland say that they have a team in their Organizer and Field Agent, that will take care of their District, including stool pigeons, and don't bar any team in any district.

Meetings are held every Monday and Thursday evenings at 8 P. M. They are presided over by the Field Agent, who is always ready with a militant and constructive speech, which the men all enjoy. The meetings are being better attended and soon will be as well attended as the monthly safety first meetings held by the wonderfully named Mr. Snoddy.

The men are urged and expected to buy their MESSENGERS at the Brotherhood Headquarters.

The ladies of the auxiliary report that their meetings are getting better and they are having wonderful success.

### ST. LOUIS DIVISION

E. J. BRADLEY, *Local Organizer*
208 Peoples Bldg.

Brotherhood activities assumed an improved attitude, due to the vast amount of enthusiasm that was created during the Labor Conference. Porters who have formerly been afraid to join this movement are now admitting that they cannot stay out any longer, and are coming in. One porter, who was pulled off about a year ago, has been put back to work by the Pullman Company, and it is only a matter of time before all of the men who were pulled off by A. V. Burr will be restored to work.

News is current that the Pullman Company is giving up sleeping quarters, formerly furnished by them for foreign porters, which indicates that the Company realizes that they are compelled to treat with the Brotherhood, and have begun curtailing, in every available manner, to meet the issue that now confronts them.

The St. Louis Negro Labor Conference was opened

Sunday, February 5, 1928, at Central Baptist Church, Washington and Ewing Avenues. The huge Mass Meeting was a decided success in every respect. This conference was sponsored by a committee of citizens to aid the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in their fight against the Pullman Company for a Living wage, 240 Hours basic monthly working conditions, Seniority rights, manhood rights, Economic freedom, and Emancipation from Industrial Slavery.

A half dozen Pullman representatives were scattered about throughout the audience and seemed equally enthused with the host of visitors. One Pullman representative was so enthused over the meeting that he lost sight of the fact that he was opposing the organization, and out of courteous, heartfelt generosity donated one dollar to the organization to assist it in combating the Pullman Company, of which he is an Officer.

This proves conclusively that the constant fighting on the part of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is having a telling effect upon the Pullman Company Officials, and they are gradually weakening before the bar of Public opinion and will in a short while be compelled, through pressure that will be brought to bear upon them, to agree to settle the dispute between the Pullman Company and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters at an early date; thus causing warfare to cease, the Armistice of Peace to be signed, and the friendship and general good feeling one toward another to come into existence.

The Labor Conference continued Monday and Tuesday, where there were more of America's able speakers, who talked on subjects each night of grave importance to the public in general. The Conference was followed by a dance February 8th, which brought to a close the first and greatest Negro Labor Conference ever held in this city.

The Local Organizer is not only pleased but also surprised at the unusual amount of interest shown by people who were thought disinterested in the Industrial movement of our group and agree that Organization is the only method by which anything can be accomplished by any group. They must stick together if they would win.

It would be an injustice to the Citizens Committee of St. Louis to not mention the splendid work they are doing under the supervision of Prof. Ulysses S. Donaldson, Professors R. P. Wyatts and E. Colbert, Misses Ruth Harris, Margarette Wilkinson, Althea Merchant and Dr. and Mrs. Bridges and a host of others. The Committee has a membership of about fifty and is steadily growing. Their aim is to make it one thousand strong as a Central Citizens Aid Committee to foster, encourage and assist all groups of Negroes who are struggling for advancement in Education, Industry and many other fields. Their assistance has been of untold value to the Local Organizers.

It is expected that the membership will reach four hundred here about March 1st. It may possibly exceed that as the porters have begun to realize that the Brotherhood is their only salvation, and I find many of them would join now if they had the money, but wages are low, "tips" are low and uncertain, which has prevented many men from becoming members of the Organization who are very anxious to join.

## NEW YORK DISTRICT

2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

On Wednesday, February 1st, the largest mass meeting ever staged by the Brotherhood in this district was held in St. Luke's Hall on 131st Street. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity. A. Philip Randolph spoke of his appearance before the Inter-State Commerce Commission and his visits to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago where Labor Conferences were held under the auspices of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. At this same meeting, Roy Lancaster, General Secretary-Treasurer of the Brotherhood, exposed the attempt of P. A. Semple, Pullman petty official, to coerce and re-hire him to work for the Pullman Company.

Mr. W. H. Des Verney, Assistant General Organizer, made a flying trip from Washington, D. C., especially to attend the above meeting where he spoke on the prospects and progress of the Brotherhood in the National Capital. After a stay of a week in Gotham, under the doctor's care, he returned to the firing line on the Potomac. On the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of February, Mr. Randolph visited Boston, where he addressed the Baha'i Temple to a group of influential citizens and to the assembled porters of the district. All meetings were well attended.

Mr. Frank R. Crosswaith, Special Organizer, who has been stimulating the Brotherhood work in Boston, returned to New York February 25th on a brief visit, and went back to Boston on the 28th.

On March 2nd a big mass meeting was held at St. Luke's Hall, where a very large crowd was in attendance. A. Philip Randolph, Benjamin Stolberg and Roy Lancaster were the speakers.

The spirit of the men in the district is very high and the men are realizing more than ever that patience and tolerance is absolutely necessary at this stage of the game if success is to be achieved. They are beginning to be aware that decisions from governmenta. bodies and committees cannot be arrived at overnight, but are the result of weeks of deliberation.

On March 23rd a debate is to be held under the auspices of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters at Mother Zion Church, 145 West 137th Street. Tickets are $1.00, and the money will go to help the porters in their fight. The subject is "Resolved: That the press experts are a corrupting influence on American life." The Affirmative will be argued by the debating team from Columbia University and the Negative will be argued by a team selected from the Alpha Kappa and Omega Sigma college fraternities. Here is an opportunity to get a world of information about the American newspapers for the small sum of $1.

An then don't forget that THE MESSENGER is still going at $1.50 a year. The most virile and interesting magazine in the United States. Nowhere else can you get the truth about the Pullman Porters' fight for a better living standard.

## SALT LAKE CITY DISTRICT

W. F. BURGESS, *Organizer*

There are no new developments in this district. All of the members (and almost every porter is a member in this district) are just setting tight, watching, listening and wondering what will turn up next. They still have faith in the Brotherhood and Mr. Randolph, and they mean to hold on doggedly to the end.

# OUR NEXT STEP

## BY A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

*General Organizer, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters*

Dear Brethren:

The question comes from every corner: What is our next step? Our next step is to fight with redoubled determination. The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission does not daunt the Brotherhood. Three of the commissioners stated that our case was within the jurisdiction of the Commission. This shows that the decision of the Commission is open to grave doubt as to its legality. The Brotherhood has the right under the law to appeal from the decision of the Commission just as many railroads do from time to time. We also have a right to reopen the case, if we so desire.

But our immediate program is to proceed with the creation of an emergency, which will require the United States Mediation Board to step in, survey the situation and recommend to the President of the United States that he appoint an Emergency Board to investigate the entire dispute with a view to settling same. Ours shall be the first complete and supreme test of the Railway Labor Act. No other group of railway employees have been compelled to invoke the Emergency Board, since the railroad companies have settled their disputes with their employees either through mediation or arbitration. The Pullman Company is the one outstanding case of a railway employer who has flagrantly defied the United States Mediation Board in refusing to abide by and obey its recommendations to arbitrate the dispute with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

The first step in creating the emergency is the taking of a strike vote.

### *The Meaning of a Strike Vote*

By a strike vote is meant the indication on a strike ballot that Pullman porters are determined to strike if need be to secure their rights and win their demands.

A strike vote IS NOT A STRIKE. It is a sign of the iron resolution of the men to fight to the finish for their rights. It does not follow that Pullman porters will strike because they take a strike vote. The Telegraphers Union on the Burlington Railroad took a strike vote but did not strike. The United States Mediation Board stepped in and effected a settlement. The Train Conductors, Engineers, Enginemen and Firemen, in fact every union of railway employees has, at some time, taken strike votes without striking. But the strike vote expresses the strength of the Organization which will bring the Company around.

### *Pullman Company Will Not See Strike Ballot*

Be assured that the Pullman Company will not see a single strike ballot signed by a single porter. All strike ballots will be reviewed and investigated by the United States Mediation Board in order to determine what per cent of the members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters are willing to go all the way with the Organization to achieve its demands. The strike vote will be carried out through a secret ballot which shall be prepared and sent from the National Headquarters in New York to Division Headquarters in the respective districts. There is no more reason for a porter to have any fear in signing a strike ballot than in signing an application blank or an affidavit of intimidation.

### *Membership Morale*

Prior to the taking of a strike ballot every Pullman porter and maid shall be fully informed of the meaning of the strike vote and its significance to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the winning of victory. The strike vote will not be projected until the morale of the membership indicates a virtual one hundred per cent response. The larger the response of the men in signing a strike ballot, the stronger the position of the Brotherhood to bargain with the Company and to secure the desired consideration from the United States Mediation Board and the President of the United States.

Happily the outlook from the expressed spirit of the membership in the different centers, is that the response to the strike vote will be gratifying in every way. The porters and maids are fighting mad over the decision of the Commission and because of the fact that the Pullman Company is dealing with the Pullman Conductors Union while at the same time it fights the Porters Union.

### *Pullman Conductors Union Gets Wage Increase*

No greater lesson as to the necessity, value and power of organization should be needed by Pullman porters and maids than the recent wage increase the Pullman Company has granted Pullman conductors through the Conductors' Union. Every porter, with an ounce of manhood, will naturally ask himself the question why should a porter be called disloyal for joining the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters while Pullman conductors post the meetings of their Unon in Pullman offices, openly circulate the names of the members of the Conductors' Union in their magazine, and negotiate an agreement with the Pullman Company through their Union? If it is not disloyal for Pullman conductors to have a union, why is it disloyal for Pullman porters to have a union? If the Company will deal with the Conductors' Union, why does it refuse to deal with the porters' union and persist in fighting it? If the conductors' union can get a wage increase for the conductors, why can't the porters' union get a wage increase for the porters? Of course

the porters union can get a wage increase for the porters. The company knows this. That's why it opposes the Brotherhood.

*Supreme Test*

What will be the answer of the porters to the decision of the Commission? What will be the answer of the porters to the Company's wage increase to the conductors? May I say in this connection that the porters do not object to the conductors' increase. But we contend that if the conductors who already receive a minimum wage of $150.00 a month, that the porters who receive a wage of $72.50 a month are certainly entitled to a wage increase also. It is well for the porters to understand, however, that the conductors have been fighting for this wage increase over two years through their Union. They were two years trying to get arbitration. The Company finally granted the increase because of the conductors' Union standing firm. If the conductors had given up, they would not have gotten their increase nor would they have a union. What is true of the conductors is true of every group of workers.

*Porters to Get Wage Increase*

Pullman porters and maids will get a wage increase also. The Brotherhood will bring it about. Public opinion is aroused, and the Company cannot stand before the public after having given the conductors and even the Filipinos a wage increase without giving a wage increase to the porters, upon whose labor and faithful service the profits, prosperity, efficiency and stability of the Pullman Company depend. The Company, of course, will hold out against giving the porters an increase as long as possible, hoping that the decision of the Commission would weaken the morale of the porters and cause them to throw their hands up in despair and run away from the Union. The Company does not think that the porters will stand up under fire. But the Brotherhood will prove to the Company that it has misjudged the porters again, that it is being misled by its Negro stool-pigeons. Some porters who have never paid any dues are rallying to the Brotherhood. Porters formerly opposed to the Organization are joining. The spirit is higher than ever. Our slogan that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins is cherished and revered now more ever before. Men are willing to answer every call. Men are willing to march when the order is given. Men are willing to sacrifice to the limit. And this is as it should be, for the porters have gone too far to think about turning back or giving up. To turn back means to accept the despicable stigma of a "quitter" and to invite the most brutal and inhuman treatment from the Company in the future, for if the porters do not stick to the Brotherhood, their lot will be worse than that of a dog's with the Company, since the Company will assume that if they haven't the guts to organize and stick, they are not entitled to a man's chance, a man's treatment. And the Company would be right.

Happily there are porters with that fighting, militant and determined spirit who are willing to carry on until victory is won. Nothing can daunt them, nothing can halt their march. This is the new Pullman porter, and he represents the new spirit of the New Negro.

**Above is the likeness of the first child, the son of a loyal Brotherhood member in the West, to be named after A. Philip Randolph**

## In Memoriam

**The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters pauses in its struggle for right and justice to mourn the passing of three of its staunchest members:**

C. H. WILKERSON
1037 Church Street
Jacksonville, Fla.
Who Died
February 22, 1928

ROBERT L. HARRISON
160 West 141st Street
New York, N. Y.
Who Died
February 27, 1928

and

(Mrs.) LOUISE WILEMAN
173 West 140th Street
New York, N. Y.
Who Died
February 27, 1928

Loyal Members!
May they rest in peace.

Good Paying Jobs for Trained Negroes in Social Work

**The Atlanta School of Social Work**

Prepares Men and Women for This Interesting Profession. A New Director and An Expanded Program This Year.

*For Further Information, Address the Director*

**Forrester B. Washington, A.M.**
Atlanta School of Social Work
239 Auburn Avenue, N. E. Atlanta, Georgia

**HAMPTON INSTITUTE**

**Hampton, Virginia**

THE COLLEGE

1 DIVISION OF EDUCATION—four-year high-school teacher's course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two-year courses for primary, intermediate and upper-grade teachers.

2 DIVISION OF AGRICULTURE—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science.

3 DIVISION OF HOME ECONOMICS—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two-year course.

4 DIVISION OF BUSINESS—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and two-year course—aims to prepare men and women for business positions or teach business subjects.

5 DIVISION OF BUILDING CONSTRUCTION—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two-year course—aims to train skilled builders.

6 DIVISION OF LIBRARY SCIENCE—one-year professional course—aims to prepare librarians for normal schools, colleges and branch libraries in city systems.

7 THE SUMMER SCHOOL—courses leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and State Certificates.

8 DIVISION OF MUSIC—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science.

THE ACADEMY

A standard four-year accredited high school, preparing for college entrance.

TRADE SCHOOL

Four-year courses in each of twelve trades.

**JAMES E. GREGG**
Principal

**HAMPTON INSTITUTE**
**VIRGINIA**

### Death and Diet

(*Continued from page* 78)

sciously labeled as a coward. This conclusion has some basis of fact, too. The individual who over-indulges, who eats and drinks with gusto and indifference to consequences, usually has superior stamina or he wouldn't get away with it, and in another age he would have exerted his energy toward the defeat of something else beside himself. Of course, man has always overeaten and over-drunk when he could, but in primitive times nature herself put a restraint upon his indulgences. When a tribe made a "killing" it stuffed, but this entailed a lot of individual effort and only happened at certain seasons; today, food tempts us on every hand; we don't even have to walk across the street for it. We can simply speak into the 'phone and it is brought to us. The greatest effort we have to make is in the exertion of will-power to know when to stop. Yet, if one explains one's unconventional food habits with that honorable aside, "doctor's orders," one's friends are immediately placated. You are not trying to be different and you are not a coward; you are but a battle-scarred Veteran of the Board. To keep from being put down as "queer" and to facilitate social exchange at times when I had neither time nor inclination to explain my orthodox preferences for salad over stew, orange juice instead of cocktails, I have found this simple advice to work like magic. The restraint that had set in at the first mention of my choice melted away and again I was considered "one of the crowd."

### Don't Blame The Doctors

The awe and reverence extended toward anything said or done by a doctor is pathetic. It is wrongly assumed that those who deal in sickness must know the human body; but this is equal to believing that the man who sells real estate must be a geologist. Now, I do not mean every doctor is a scoundrel, but it is difficult in the doctor's position not to be one. Everyone wants to buy health, and like happiness health depends upon yourself and cannot be purchased. It depends upon a daily exercise of choice and restraint. But everybody wants an easy way to health, to have his cake and eat it. Many doctors have found to their loss that honest instruction in the care of the body is really not wanted. Patients will hurry away to someone else less scrupulous who will assure them that their habits are all harmless and promise to help them "painlessly" back to health. If your doctor tells you bluntly that your January cold is the result of over-eating during the holidays and to go on a fast, you won't believe him; but if he tells you that the inclement weather is to blame for your indisposition and to keep out of drafts, and nourish yourself well, and take these little pills to loosen your bowls, and gagle this liquid for your cough, and rub your chest with this salve, and put powder in your foot-tub, and stick this atomizer up your nose—and take a little toddy to warm you up when you feel like it—you are immensely impressed and leave thoroughly satisfied with him and yourself. The Negro is an even greater victim of doctor hocus-pocus, if this is possible, than the white, because the mass of Negroes have an even greater respect for "book learning" for reason that easy access to it has been denied them. In the South, they are often economically unable to consult the most reliable physician in the community, and this with the cheap food that poverty forces them to consume explains their higher death rate.

### Average Menu from Houston to Harlem

Pork, black-eyed peas, corn bread and coffee, varied by a few fried dishes, biscuits or rolls, and gin. It's a wonder that the death rate isn't greater, if a lot of outdoor exercise didn't go with this diet it would be. Now, in summer-time he does accidentally consume real nourishment in the form of fresh fruits and melons, but in winter he is exclusively on a cooked starch and fat diet, and that is why his death rate is higher in winter—the same things that if fed over extended periods to animals in laboratory tests cause swift debility and death. Whereas, the better class white restaurants all serve wholewheat bread, certified milk, and fruits out of season, the most expensive Negro restaurant does not do so, and this is simply because there are no calls for them. The average Negro is twenty years behind the Caucasian even in superficial food knowledge, and among educated Negroes less thought has been given to health, because America makes life so precarious for them that they have no energy left to devote to this less obvious need of self-preservation.

**Whew! My! My! My! Strong stuff, eh? Well, you haven't heard the half of it! Next month Miss Jannath (who has never been sick in her life) will tell how it is possible for one to seldom if ever be ill through intelligent choice and preparation of what you eat. Don't miss the May number with its list of Health Menus. Learn how to eat well yet stay well. This is the most astounding series of educational articles ever carried in a general magazine.**

### Author-Warrior-Poet

(*Continued from page* 85)

Franks, Antar presented to Ibla three variegated robes studded with precious metals and jewels; he clothed her in them and placed on her head the diadem that the king of Persia had given him. He also ordered forth for her the magnificent silver litter, the supports of which were of burnished gold and eight mules were required to carry it. At the sight of this mass of splendor Ibla was stupefied and amazed. Her father, Malik, as he surveyed it was in the greatest consternation and susprise but as to her mother her tongue was tied up in her mouth so vast was her astonishment! Amarah! he wept and sighed and groaned and moaned. Antar cared not for any of them so entirely was he devoted to Ibla, producing articles after articles in succession till she was bewildered. He raised her into the litter with her mother and commanded the slaves to march forward and to attend her.

"Ibla was seated in the litter, her countenance became radiant and illumined; she smiled in the loveliest manner. Every charm was heightened; and from her eye-lashes she shot arrows that penetrated the slayer of men and of heroes."

Later Antar hands Ibla to her father with all the treasure, whereupon the latter says: "Nephew, from this day, Ibla is your handmaid and her father and her brother are numbered among your slaves."

Antar met considerable opposition because of his color, and wrote poems extolling blackness: "In blackness there is some virtue if you observe its beauty. . . . Black ambergris has the purest fragrance."

Some of his verses from the Moallakat, or seven Arabian poems hung over the door of the Temple at Mecca, follow:

"As soon as I beheld the legions of our enemies advancing and animating one another to battle, I, too, rushed forward and acted without reproach.

The troops called out Antara! while javelins long as the cords of a well were forcibly thrust against the chest of my dark steed.

I ceased not to charge the foe with the neck and breath of my horse until he was mantled in blood.

My steed, bent aside with the stroke of the lances in his forehead, complained to me with gushing tears and tender sobbing.

Had he known the art of discourse, he would have addressed me in plaintive strain, and had he possessed the faculty of speech he would have spoken to me distinctly.

In the midst of the black dust the horses were impetuously rushing with disfiguring countenances every robust stallion and every strong-limbed short-haired mare.

Then my soul was healed and all my anguish was dispersed by the cry of the warriors: "Well done, Antara, charge again!"

### Can Negro Business Survive?

(*Continued from page* 76)

group economy on the profit basis is fallacious. This in the writer's judgment is impossible. Not only will a goodly number of Negro businesses fail under the profit system, but those that succeed will certainly not meet the needs of the masses of Negroes.

The Jews, despite their firm grip upon the business pulse of the nation, have their poor, unemployed and exploited. And in many cases Jews are exploited by Jews! The same is true of other racial groups. Group economy (by which is meant racial economy) is no remedy for impoverished Jews, Negroes, Italians, Chinese, Americans or any one else. The problem here is not racial, but economic.

The Negro, for example, is not suffering merely from economic limitations within capitalism as a race, but he is suffering from all the limitations imposed on all workers under the system. The remedy for this condition is not a change in group control of business on a racial basis, but a fundamental change of ownership and distribution of products on the basis of the class interests of all workers regardless of race.

Although we cannot scrap the profit system overnight, it is certainly opportune to make a beginning in the direction of business for service in place of business for profits. The writer does not know any group in this world who should welcome this change more than Negroes. If ambitious Negroes wish to enter the business

(*Continued on page* 95)

### Negro Orator

By Laura Tanne

A black ruby sparkles
On a silvery circlet
Of song and rebellion.
His words are shining chips
I hoard for secret hunger.

### Book-Bits

(*Continued from page 87*)

husband had engaged for her and friends. So she thinks of America as a horror. Lydia's spiritual stress is that of every unmarried mother. Should she tell her children that they were born out of wedlock? Isn't the strain of keeping it a secret a heavier burden than the calumny which results when one is discovered? Probably American Negroes will show a greater interest in the black Madame Argente than the mother, Lydia. It is an interesting story; one that's worth reading.

*"The Man Who Died at Twelve o'Clock"* (*Samuel French;* $.50), by Paul Green. This is a one-act Negro Comedy. January Evans, a superstitious, hard-drinking Negro does not wish his granddaughter, Sally Evans, to marry the farmhand Charlie McFarland, who is in love with her. He thinks Charlie wishes to marry her for her money, and threatens to shoot him if he catches him at his house again. Charlie comes in one day to find Sally working on a devil's costume, which he is to use in a rehearsal. He tells her what her grandfather has threatened to do, and wishes in consequence to get out of the house as quickly as possible, before he comes. Sally remembers that January thinks the devil is coming for him some day at twelve o'clock. It is nearly twelve now. She looks out and sees her grandfather coming. This gives her an idea. She dresses Charlie up in the devil's costume and tells him what to do when the clock strikes twelve. At the proper time Charlie comes in as the devil and nearly scares the old man to death. He gets his consent to marry Sally and a promise of the money, too. Then January faints. But cold water brings him to and he actually believes that the devil got him and carried him away. After Charlie changes his costume he comes back to listen to January's story of his encounter with the devil. He promises Charlie and Sally that they will never be bothered by him any more. Then the curtain.

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR ~ 30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

SIGNED - SEALED AND DELIVERED

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 1898 ~ 1928

*Three Decades of Service to the Race*

THE sovereign nations of the world have traditionally signalized great deeds of peace and of war by the award of a medal and a bit of ribbon, neither of any value in themselves but symbolic of all the splendor of valor, of wisdom, or achievement.

The seal which appears above is our Medal of Honor, our Croix de Guerre, our Victoria Cross, our Order of the Golden Fleece. It marks our entry upon our thirtieth year of service to the Race. Of no value whatever in itself, the achievements it symbolizes have borne fruit in the increased happiness, prosperity and security of thousands upon thousands of our brethren.

Thoughtful people of our Race will unite with us in carrying the achievement on through the years to come, by putting their insurance dollars to work for themselves and their children through insuring in Negro-owned Companies.

NATIONAL
BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
*General Offices*
WASHINGTON, D. C.

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR ~ 30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

### Black Magic and White

(*Continued from page 83*)

Tea." The directions for the making of this tea are quite interesting. A member of the sufferer's family must go into a field, find a laborer who has worn his red flannel undershirt for a week or more, and ask to be allowed to cut off a piece of this shirt from under the left arm. When he has obtained this, he must return home, scorch it with an iron, and then put it into a pot and boil it. The result is "Burnt Shirt Tea." In my opinion, the connection of this superstition with the practice of witchcraft in general is obvious. The various things used in boiling pots for the curing of pain, which they called an evil spirit, is well known. The classic example is the witches' boiling pot in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The Negro witches, unable to procure such mysterious herbs and entrails of animals as those used by other witches, and wishing to shock their patients with the filthiness of their ingredients, could, perhaps, think of no better way to astonish them than by the use of the above-mentioned shirt.

The "rabbit-foot" superstition is one that is well-known today among Caucasians as well as among Negroes. The superstition is that the "left-hind" foot of the rabbit brings good luck to its possessor. For its history, we need go no farther back than to the beginnings of witchcraft. What was witchcraft without a charm? The witches were noted for the weirdness and unusualness of the charms which they bestowed upon one who was suffering with an evil spirit. Charms were supposed to drive out and keep out the evil spirit. The Negro witches found themselves again unable to cope with the witches of other countries in their use of exotic charms. Making the most of the situation, however, they began their search for something that was both novel and easily obtainable. What could serve their purpose better than a rabbit? There were squirrels and dogs, but they were not well acquainted with the former, and the latter were the property of others. It was soon apparent, however, that a complete rabbit was too cumbersome. They quickly decided that the "left-hind" foot of the rabbit would serve their purpose best, not only because one foot was easier to conceal about the body, but also because their reasons for selecting this particular foot would be shrouded in mystery. Hence, the "rabbit-foot" superstition.

The third superstition which I wish to speak of is the belief that it is unlucky for the moon to shine on you while in bed. For its history, we must go back before witchcraft became popular. I have previously mentioned the belief of our primitive ancestors in the influence of the sun, moon, and stars, which they worshipped as deities. The Greeks also believe in this influence. They called the Goddess of the moon Hecate. Always at her rising, they would first kneel down and pray to her, then they would offer up sacrifices to her. At the end of this ceremony, they would return to their homes, and bar out all rays of her light in order to keep her from seeing them when they were not kneeling, for if she did, they believed she would bring misfortune down upon them. Thus this belief has come down through the centuries, changing from a religious omen to a superstition of ill-fortune.

Just as the connection between the superstition of the Negro and the practices of witchcraft has been shown in the above three illustrations, so it could be traced in other of the superstitions, but it is not necessary to go further. The above three instances speak for others. In order to show, however, that white magic is as popular today as black, we have but to contrast some of the superstitions of the Negro with some of the British* superstitions.

Looking at the new moon through the trees is a bad luck sign to the Negro, while in some parts of Great Britain, there is a superstition that if a new moon is seen from a window, it will bring ill fortune. The Negro believes that if a bird finds some of your hair which you have left lying about and makes a nest out of it, you will suffer from headaches all the rest of your life, whereas the Britisher believes that if a bird makes a nest out of your hair, misfortune and even death may visit you. For a bat to get into his house is a sign of sickness to the Negro, while in some parts of Great Britain the song of the robin is thought to bode ill to the sick person who hears it. If a black cat crosses your path it is extremely unlucky, says a Negro superstition, but the Britisher asserts that a black cat brings good luck. A Negro superstition states that it is a sure sign of death when three knocks are heard on the wall of a room, while in Great Britain the appearance of white-breasted birds has from time immemorial been regarded as certain omen of death. Sweeping refuse outside the door at night is another bad luck sign to the Negro, whereas it is extremely unlucky, in Great Britain, for the soap to slip out of your hand. There is a Negro superstition to the effect that a knife-blade laid on the naked body of a woman in childbirth will ease the pain. In contrast to this is the Britisher's belief that a sovereign cure for the goitre is to form the sign of the cross on the neck with the hand of a corpse. Another Negro superstition says that if a visitor outstays his welcome and it is desired that he depart immediately, turn your broom upside down and place it in the corner. On the other hand, the Britishers believe that children born at midnight have the power of seeing ghosts. There is a belief among Negroes that if they "stump" their left foot, bad luck results, but if they "stump" their right foot, good luck is the outcome. Among the Britishers there is a superstition, perhaps more common than others, that says it is unlucky for thirteen to sit down together to dinner.

*(Thiselton's "British Folklore.")

The following extract taken from an article which recently appeared in one of our daily newspapers will serve, I think, to demonstrate the superstitious beliefs of the Caucasians. Its title is, "Lucky Charms Guard Pacific Aviators."

"Most of the Dole-dicky birds will reach Hawaii if good luck pieces, charms, talismans have anything to do with the case.

"Nearly all the fliers admit that they have something in their possession which is bound to bring good luck and steer them clear of trouble.

"Every entrant in the air handicap has been offered good luck tokens ranging from an old time cameo to a kitchen sink in which never a dish was broken. Two poor rabbits died so that their feet could be studded with jewels.

"The one carried by Major Irving was taken from the hind shank of a rabbit killed in the light of the moon by two Boy Scouts.

"Captain Erwin's rabbit foot was presented by an old Indian fighter who carried it through a number of wars without serious mishap either to himself, the Indians, or the rabbit's foot.

"Straw-hatted Auggy Pedlar carries


# *The* NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE *for* NEGROES

**Formerly the Durham State Normal School**

**OFFERS THE FOLLOWING COURSES**

1. **THE LIBERAL ARTS COURSE**

   Leading to the A. B. Degree and offering sufficient work in Secondary Education to enable students to secure High School Teachers' Certificates, Class A, and High School Principals' Certificates at the completion of the course.

2. **THE SCIENTIFIC COURSE**

   Leading to the B. S. Degree.

3. **THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE**

   A two-year pre-medical course preparing students for entrance into medical colleges will be given.

4. **SPECIAL COURSES IN COMMERCE AND MUSIC**

The faculty consists of men and women from the best colleges and universities in the country and meets the requirements of the North Carolina College Conference.

**FOR CATALOG AND FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS**

**THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR NEGROES**

**James E. Shepard, President** **Durham, N. C.**

a battered old 5-cent piece. It has been stamped in the mud by mules in the dead of night. . . .

"Miss Mildred Doran, Pedlar's passenger, carries a rusty hat pin.

"Norman Goddard has an old horseshoe, said to have fitted the hoof of the late Dan Patch."*

With the above illustration this paper must close. I have attempted to show that the "Black Magic" of the superstitious Negroes is of no larger proportions than the "White Magic" of other races who have had education. I have tried to point out the connection between them in the light of their historical development.

*(*Washington Herald*)

## OPEN FORUM

To Our Beloved A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer.
Our Noble Roy Lancaster, Secretary-Treasurer,
And all the General Officers of the B. S. C. P.

Gentlemen:

In this trying hour of our cause, permit me to express my thankfulness and undying gratitude for your character, courage and loyalty to us. In this hour of test, when the courage of the weak may fail, and that of the strong grow weak, permit me to say for myself and for many to whom I have talked, forward, forward, forward in this great war for justice and right! We will furnish the sinews of war in dues! We wish we could tell it to all the men now on the firing line, but we can't. Will you tell them that it is the man behind the man behind the gun on the firing line that wins the war! Hold your stations, we will stand, call and we will answer, march and we will follow, because we have faith in your leadership!

Your courage, loyalty, foresight and general statesmanship in presenting our cause cannot be questioned by any human loving justice-informed person under the sun. The question now is not shall we fail, but shall we quit? In a just cause so sanely and courageously led, there is no such thing as failure. If we get weak in our knees now and cease to do our part, the future generations will not ask why we failed, but why we quit? God abhors a vacuum and severely punishes a quitter. Motion is the order and sign of life! Even the sea will not always retain a dead body, after so long it is cast out on the shore, exposed to the eyes of the seeing as a dead and useless thing—a true slacker. So shall the dead bodies in this moving sea of our cause be exposed.

What shall I do? I hope my past actions and my ever-present performances may answer that question, but somehow my heart tells me to tell you now and not leave you to deductions at this crucial hour—that I am not going to desert the ship. For twenty-eight years I have worked for the Pullman Company honestly and justly, delivering to the public what the Pullman Company has to sell, trustworthy and just service. I am pleading with the Company through you to permit me to increase that efficiency of service by organization of my own choosing, collective bargaining through my duly elected representives in sincere conference with representatives duly chosen by the Company. This is fair and just to all. Nothing but what is fair and just to all will stand the test of time. Deeds, deeds mark the standard of the man. May all our brethren realize that this is the hour of deeds.

The deeds of our worthy officers are an open book to all who know of our cause. It remains only with us to do our part. On with our courage, on with our faith, on with our money, on with our lives, if needs comes, that the betterment of the cause of our group and humanity may be realized.

Now that I have made the attempt to get these thoughts over to you, even though I have not the ability to tell it, I feel better and I hope that the spirit that is urging me to tell you may give you hope and faith in the men you are leading, that you may move forward knowing that you are leading a living, moving body from the foremost in the ranks of our leaders down to the most humble of those who follow in the ranks.

Faithfully in the cause of humanity and justice. A PORTER.

## Can Negro Business Survive?

(*Continued from page 92*)

field, let them think of cooperative businesses. The present day need of Negroes is cooperative businesses. This type of business offers positions for our young ambitious men and women, and at the same time it offers the best means of meeting the sharp competition of large scale businesses operated by wealthy concerns.


# HOWARD UNIVERSITY

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Founded by GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

**MORDECAI W. JOHNSON**
President

**EMMETT J. SCOTT**
Secretary-Treasurer

**PURPOSE**

To provide the Twelve Million Colored people of the United States with College-trained and Professional leaders through its courses in the Arts, the Sciences, in Education, Commerce and Finance, Public Health and Hygiene, Music, Engineering, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Religion and Law

**Students may enter for Collegiate Work at the beginning of any quarter**

**REGISTRATION**

**Spring Quarter** ..... **March 21, 1928**
**Summer School** ..... **June 21, 1928**
**Autumn Quarter** ..... **Sept. 24, 25, 26, 1928**

For Catalogue and Information Write

**F. D. WILKINSON, Registrar** — **Howard University, Washington, D. C.**

# The Wrong Way To Dress Your Hair

• • • Surface applications of so-called slickers and straighteners are of no benefit to permanently improve your hair. The right way to have beautiful, healthy hair, is to have first, a healthy scalp. Madam C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair Grower is a foe to diseased, unhealthy scalps. When used according to directions, it will relieve itching scalp, thin and falling hair, combat disease, invigorate the scalp and grow the hair long and thick, which may then be dressed beautifully correct.

You can't go wrong using Madam C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair Grower. It is no makeshift top dressing for the hair, but is a world-famous, widely used scalp food, scientifically compounded, made of the purest medicinal oils and essences, in proportion correct, to produce definite good results.

Go to your nearest Madam C. J. Walker agent, druggist, or write to the Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Company, Indiana Avenue at North West Street, Indianapolis, Ind.; obtain a box of this guaranteed preparation and start using it tonight. Your scalp will feel the difference, your hair will be naturally pretty.

***50 Cents Per Large Tin Everywhere***

## MADAM C. J. WALKER'S
## *Wonderful Hair Grower*

"25 YEARS THE STANDARD"